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Eve

NOVEMBER, 1955
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BRITANNIA and Eve

NOVEMBER 1955

VOL. 51 NO. 5

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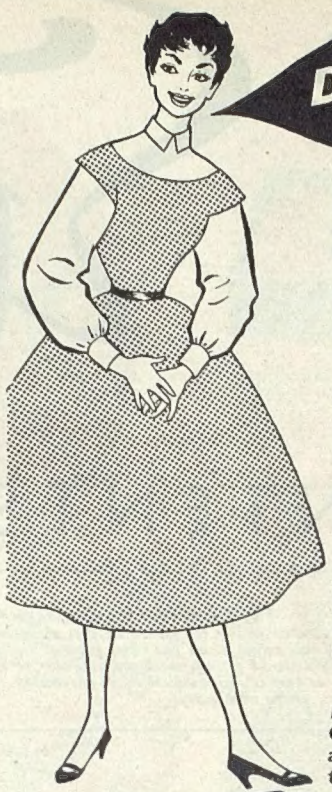

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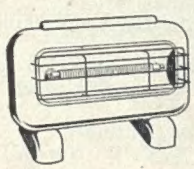

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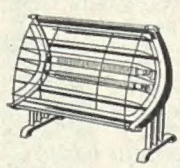

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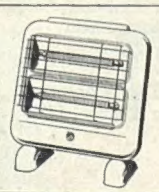

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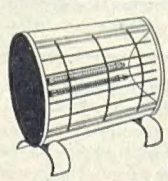

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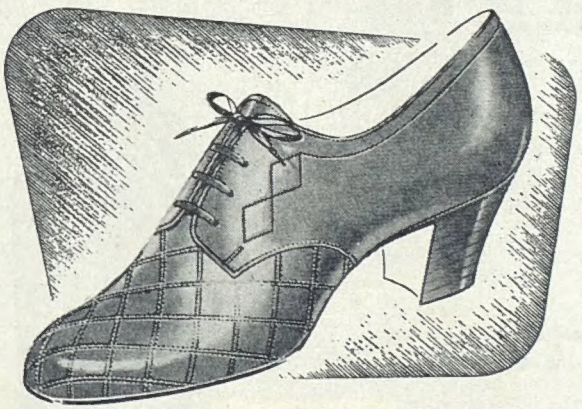

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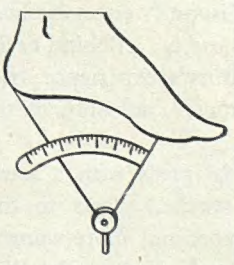

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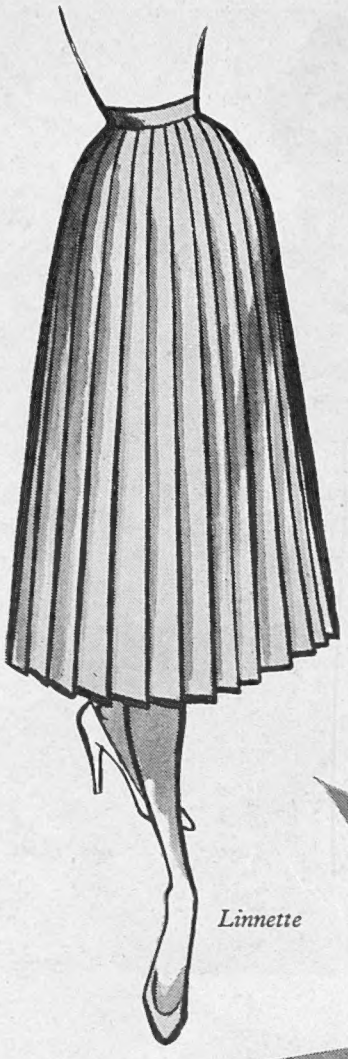

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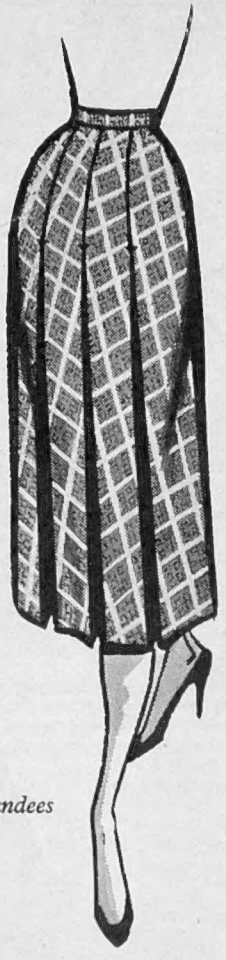
as permanent as any pleats can be



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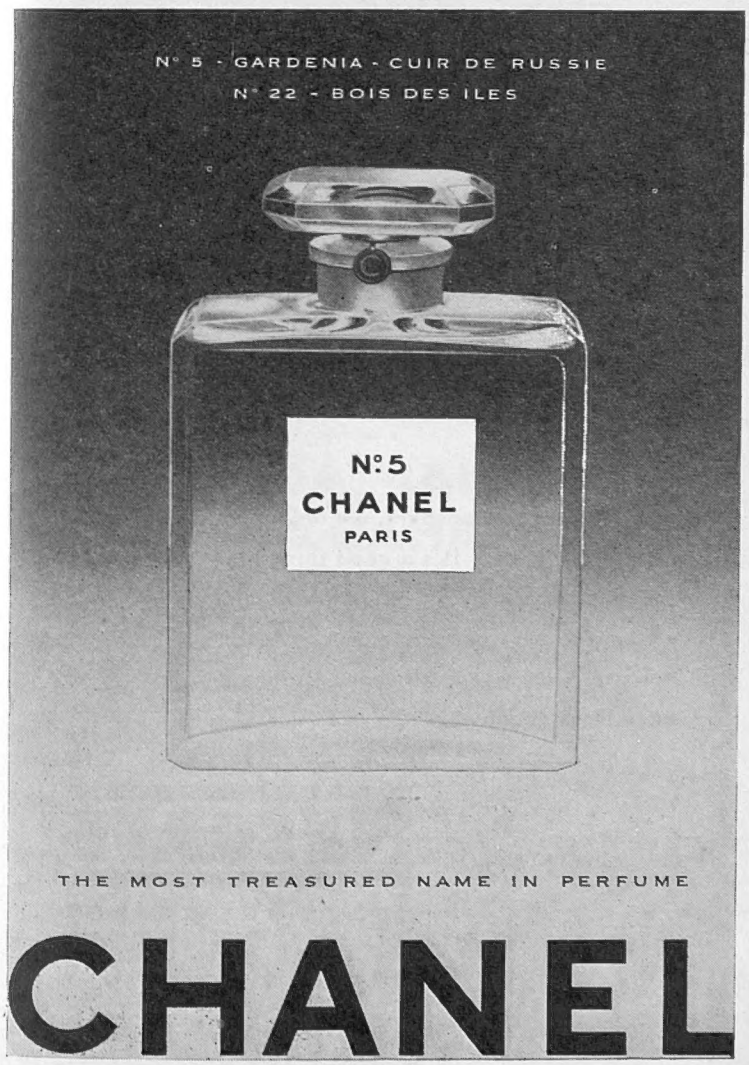
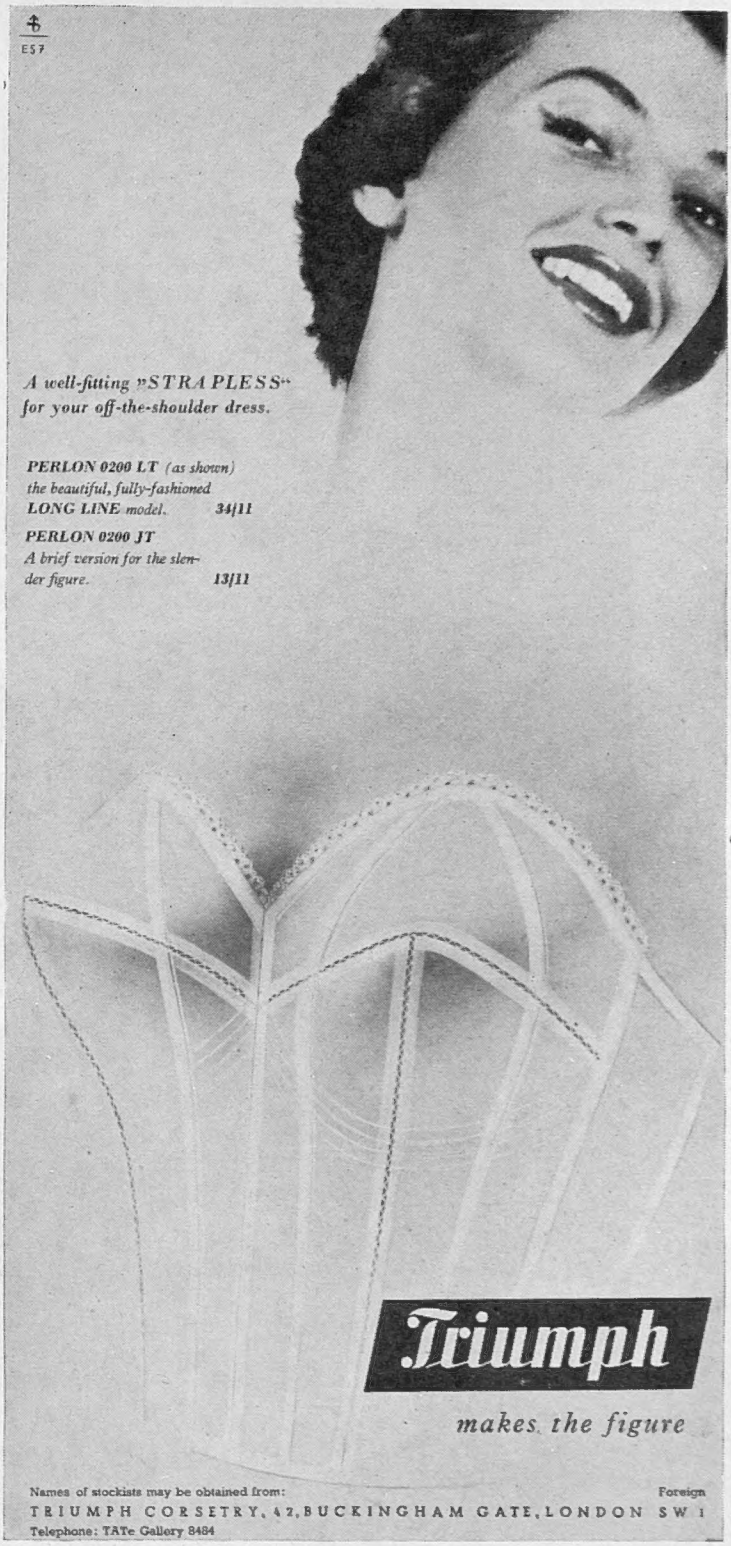
Apple Blossom
hand cream

2/6 LARGE TUBE

CUSSONS OF 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W1

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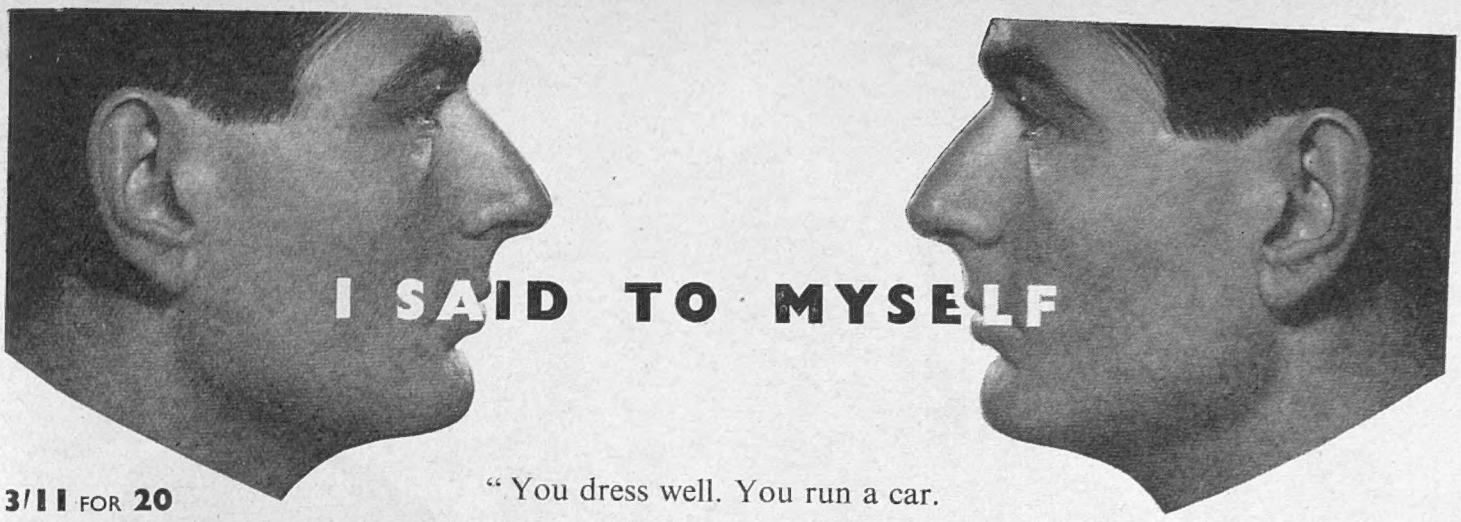
It's a strenuous game!

Tensely following every twist and brilliant manoeuvre, we onlookers too, share in our way the rigours of the game. It's a good thing that the lunch-basket contained supplies of coffee, alerting brain and nerve, fitting us to play a keenly appreciative part. So much the better that it was Nescafé. For Nescafé always ensures perfectly-made coffee, full of stimulating, roaster-fresh goodness.

there's always time for **NESCAFÉ**

100% PURE COFFEE

145 *ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS*



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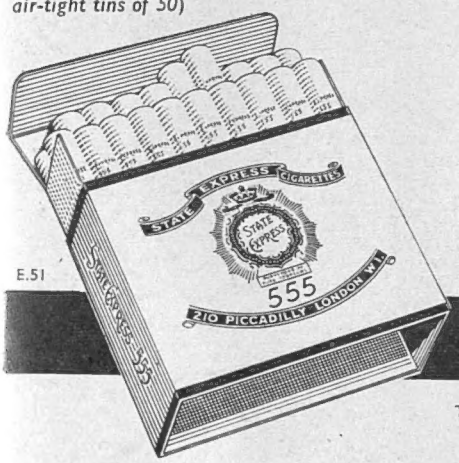
Why don't you smoke the best cigarettes, when there's only a few pennies in it?" . . . So I now smoke



E.51

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Catch up with the Sun this Winter..

WITHIN THE STERLING AREA

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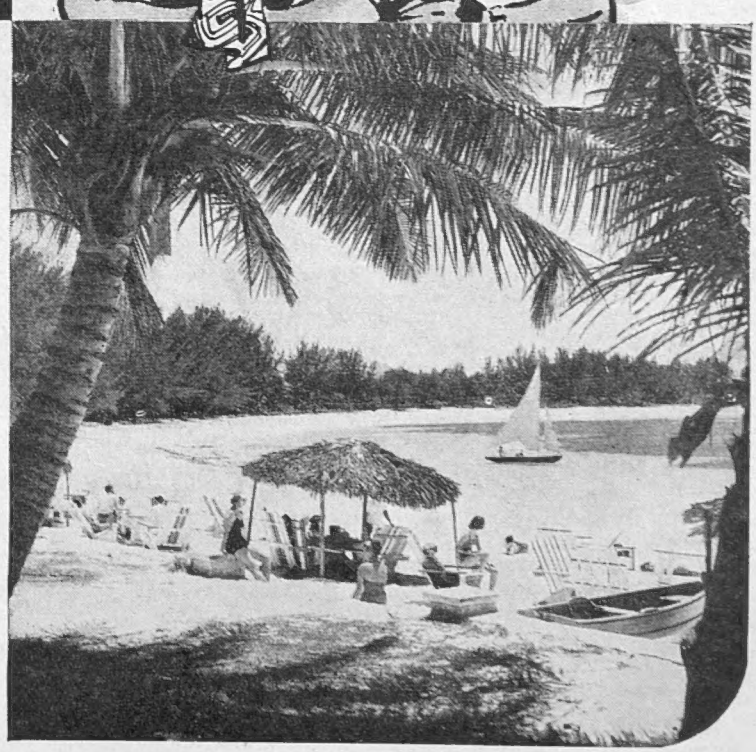

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Zephyr
ZODIAC

FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

Suit
by Digby Morton

"Heading deliberately for the clouds"

Illustration by WETHERBEE

CASTLES *in the* AIR

By RAYMOND A. BENNETT

It is surprising how far you can go on a few pamphlets and a little imagination

WHAT a comfort it is to know that the "Riviera", stretching from any sun-lounge at Brighton to the golden shores of Miami, is now ready to share the humblest fireside, and brighten the darkest winter smog. With a travel agency at every turn the fog evaporates and the wind retreats before the brilliant onslaught of their invitations.

Why not breakfast in London and dine in Beirut, with the perfume of cedar and oranges about you? "Lose" a day in Fiji! Or simply . . . bathe in the Indian Ocean.

It is all so easy. Just walk into any travel agency and stake your claim. No eyebrow will be raised, and no one will ask to see your pennies. Or, better still, go prepared with a carrier-bag or a suitcase, and help yourself from the inexhaustible supply of pamphlets. The booking clerk, who works on the "Give them enough scope and they'll take off" assumption, smiles his encouragement, and you leave, eventually, with an eternity of promise in your arms.

To condense eternity into one glorious week-end of planning is an art, but with a good fire, some appropriate background music and plenty of elbow room, it can be done.

THE world, at first, is decidedly unmanageable. Big Game Fishing in Chile is a possibility; the Bahamas, with luxury hotels and an inter-island service of Gum and Goose aircraft a probability; the up-and-coming Australian Riviera falls, unaccountably, somewhere between the two.

And then your imagination is fired. One modest paragraph tells of Carriacou, off Grenada, and "gloriously unprepared for tourists." Here is an island of spice, lush undergrowth and deserted beaches; the authentic Crusoe Paradise, where a sack of oysters can be bought for a song and drink is almost given away . . . once you get there. (*Continued on page 72.*)

By MARGARET HAMMEL

Illustrations by RAY WARD

Blue Moon Heron

They had what they deserved,

Mike especially. That full look of his,

so sweet it could drain the heart

empty . . . . how fraudulent

IT was only a two-hour run from the city up to the Tarrants' place in Connecticut, and Jane, swinging her black convertible off the main road and down the dirt lane that led to Lucinda's house, wondered why she didn't make the trip more often.

She had enjoyed the drive today: the afternoon sun filtering through the bronze and russet foliage cast a golden light upon the road; a smoky fragrance from invisible leaf fires harshened the October air, quickening her desire to reach her sister's home and sit before the fire with Mike and the boys. "I spent the weekend at my sister's little place in the country," she would say with satisfaction to friends on Monday. "You know, she's married to Mike Tarrant, the writer."

Mike Tarrant. The name brushed across her mind in silken strokes, and she said it silently again and again. As his agent, she had been so proud of him: at twenty he had made the best short-story collection; his first novel had been a healthy money-maker; he had been in demand as a lecturer. As long as I kept him alive to his possibilities, she thought sadly, he wrote like a top man. I will make him remember what it used to be like, she decided, and turned in to the yard.

She had to brake the car abruptly to avoid hitting a bicycle that lay across the driveway. It was that expensive English bike she had bought Toddy just two years ago. Eighty-nine dollars, wasn't it, and now its paint was scarred, spots of rust freckled the chrome, and a pedal was missing. Why couldn't Lucinda teach a boy of twelve something about the value of money?

Jane's lips tightened as she looked around. Three spindly birches drooped like dying fronds in the circular patch of lawn. "I've always pined for a little grove of birch," Lucinda had said once when asked what she wanted for Christmas. And Jane had started her off with three of the best from a fine nursery near New York. A grove indeed! A wheelbarrow coated with manure was tipped against the miserable birches. A broken rake lay half-buried in the leaves. "Just once they might have cleaned up for me," she thought bitterly. "Just once."

Her eyes travelled to the house. Begun as a four-room box, it had taken on sad pretensions with bits and pieces added. No amount of syringa and lilac or beds of bulbs could disguise its faults this time of year. "My sister's little place in the country. Some joke."

She reached for her purse, picked up a bottle of whisky, present for Mike, a bundle of books for the boys, and a package containing two sheets for Lucinda. The Tarrant linen was a disgrace, and Jane had been replacing it gradually. "Oh, more sheets? How lovely!" Lucinda always said, trying to rouse some dim pleasure in her voice. Jane knew her sister would have preferred a piece of red glass for her tiresome collection, but she couldn't bring herself to contribute to Lucinda's wilful impracticability.

She would leave her overnight bag in the car. In that way she wouldn't be committed. If the afternoon were a bore, and the Tarrants decided to have another meal of blackened hamburgers and stale buns, she could always, claiming a dinner date, go back to her apartment for a tray supper.

ARMS laden, she went up to the door, left ajar, and walked into the kitchen. At first glance the room was gay, papered in lacquered mustard with a red design. A basket of apples rested in a spray of yellow leaves on the trestle table. Red pots of ivy hung from the windows above the sink. She heard a tap drip and saw the luncheon dishes stacked unwashed on the draining-board. "Lucinda!" she called sharply to the empty house. "Lucinda!" A quick nerve of anger beat in her temples. She dumped the gifts on the table and walked rapidly to the sink, wrenching at the tap. The drip continued.

"Yoo-hoo!" Faint and lazy came the voice, and it was joined by others in a variety of yodelling. Jane went out on the back porch and looked down over the ragged garden blazing with chrysanthemums and dahlias. Below, the land pitched steeply down to a broad, stubbly terrace that had been cleared of brush to provide an open view of the river.

There the Tarrants were playing croquet. Lucinda waved a mallet, looking small and boyish so far below, her dungareed legs astride a hoop. Toddy and Than raised their arms in greeting, then turned to watch their mother complete her play. Mike, in a red flannel shirt, dropped his mallet and came bounding up the earthen steps, cut out of the hill, to meet her.

"Jane—good girl." He kissed her and then stood back in an appraising attitude. "You look wonderful!"

She was glad she had worn her hand-woven suit, the light-coloured cashmere sweater and the matching ear-rings and bracelet. She felt better at once, warmed by Mike's admiring scrutiny. She looked straight at him, wondering for the hundredth time what gave his eyes that full brimming look, not of sadness exactly but of such ready compassion that it always seemed as if he would expose his own vulnerability rather than wound another's. Does he know he's wasted his most forceful years, she thought, happiness at seeing him again bringing with it the most absurd sorrow. Does he know how diminished that shining talent has become . . .

"Here, let me give you a hand down the hill. This is mountain-goat stuff. How was the ride out?"

SHE felt an awkward disadvantage in her high heels, descending the slippery steps. Why couldn't Lucinda abandon the damn game? It wasn't as if she came every day. "Very nice," she said, her eyes riveted on the next step. How awful, if she were to tumble, thin legs flying out, perhaps one of them breaking into splinters. She leaned, trembling, on Mike's up-stretched hand. "How's the book coming?" she asked, straining to be casual.

"Pretty good. I think I'm going to enjoy this one." He kept backing down the steps as easily as if he were walking on level ground.

"When can I see it? Aren't you going to be a little late delivering it?"

HE laughed. "I usually am. Look, come to Papa." He reached up and, catching her under the arms, swung her lightly over the last three steps to the croquet lawn. She uttered a cry of surprise and staggered a little as she reached the ground. "The Tarrant air lift," he grinned. "A speciality of the house."

"Jane!" Lucinda came forward, her eyes spilling out their extraordinary colour like a blue stream. "I'm so glad you could come."

"But I told you I would!" Hadn't they made the date official last night over the telephone?

"How about a game?" asked Lucinda. "We can start again."

"Please don't. I'll just watch." She looked around for a bench or camp-stool, but there was nothing to sit on.

"It's no fun, just watching," said Lucinda. "Boys, come and say hello to Jane."

"Hello, Aunt Jane," they said together, standing still, their big uneven teeth flashing white in their brown faces.

"Isn't it simply blissful today?" sighed Lucinda. "All the leaves just dropping and dropping like weeks from a calendar. Like the movies. Have you seen any good ones lately?"

"Your play, Mother," said young Than. "Now you can give Daddy a good whack."

How like Lucinda he is, thought Jane, watching him with concealed disapproval: the same raging blue eyes and that selfish intentness upon his own pleasure.

"No more today," said Lucinda, flinging away her mallet and linking arms with Jane. "You all carry on while we go out on the float and bob around. It's like being on a yacht," she added, "if you shut your eyes."

They went down three rickety wooden steps to the river's edge where Lucinda tugged on a rope, looped over an overhanging branch, and dragged the canvas-covered float ashore. "Hop aboard," she said.

"Look!" cried Jane, instantly exasperated. "I'm hardly dressed for all this leaping around."

"Oh, you can make it," said Lucinda, and jumped lightly aboard in her sandalled feet. "Here, I'll give you a hand." She hauled Jane up, saying, "Isn't this better than land? Mike and I often sleep here on summer nights. Our cabin cruiser, we call it." She ripped off her striped sweater, plumped it out like a cushion, and laid it in a soft heap for Jane to sit on. "The float might be a bit dirty."

"No, thank you." Jane braced her legs on the swaying float and looked across the river unseeingly. Of all the ghastly afternoons, this was going to be it: struggling down hills, bobbing around on rafts. And those ill-mannered boys not made to kiss or shake hands. The back of her neck ached, thinking of it all, and she marvelled that she could freshly forget how incorrigible Lucinda had always been. Resolutely she concentrated on the river.

ITS banks were lined with massive trees, their branches mirrored faultlessly in the glassy water. Leaves sailed down and moved along swiftly like regattas of bright-coloured craft. The water slapped under the float, pitching it gently. She heard the hard, clean crack of mallets and the boys' treble voices above on the terrace.

"Very nice," she said, turning away from the river, and looked down on Lucinda, who was lying prone on the float, her head leaning over the side, one hand trailing in the water. "Well, what news have you?"

Reluctantly she sat down on the striped sweater, drawing her skirt tightly around her legs so that none of it would touch the canvas. The cramped discomfort of her perch reminded her of the first time she sat on a boy's lap. The torture of it, trying to lighten her weight, to pretend their bodies were not touching. It used to infuriate her, the sloppy way Lucinda could relax, her legs hanging easily, her full weight spread with indifference . . .

"I was just thinking," said Lucinda in a dreamy voice, "how we used to jump on Mamma's compost heap, remember?" She rolled over on her back and crossed one bare ankle over another and looked up at the sky. "We'd scoop up the leaves in the brown tarpaulin and drag it to the compost bin, and then trample and trample. Like grape-pressers."

"I certainly never did it," said Jane crisply.

"I thought you did," said Lucinda pleasantly. "It was the grandest sport."

I remember the shoes you ruined, thought Jane, (*Continued on page 78*)

"You should come up to town more often, Mike," she advised

By DEREK BARDER

The fashionable fur—elegant West African Persian lamb broadtail stoles, perfect for day and evening wear. (Furs by Veneziani, Milan)

Your WARMEST friend

Make a sound investment when buying a fur coat. To help you, here is the advice of a well-known expert.

For economy and hard wear choose the ever-popular beaver lamb. Coat by Tescan

A FUR coat is an important investment which most women require to last and to grace a variety of occasions.

A first principle when choosing a fur is to deal with a firm of repute. Avoid so-called " bargains " and " sale reductions ", except those genuine seasonal ones which usually take place early in the New Year.

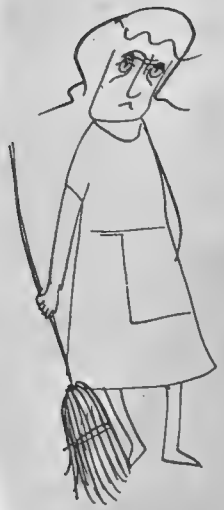
Choice of a fur is obviously governed by the amount of money at one's disposal. Taking a hypothetical figure of £100, it is better sense to buy the best quality of a cheaper fur, which would sell at around this figure, rather than the lower quality of a fur normally sold at a higher price. This rule applies however much money you have to spend. Emphasis must be on *quality* all the way through if maximum wear and use are intended.

Without specialized knowledge it is difficult to judge the quality of one fur against another. Entrust yourself to a reliable expert whose advice can be taken seriously. Comparison of a " good " fur as against a " poor " one, however, soon shows the difference: the skin is usually silkier and glossier. Look carefully to make sure the garment is made from solid skins and has no pieces in it. Look especially *under* the *arms* and the *collar*. These are two places where poor quality skins may be used in the manufacture. Make sure that the colour of the coat is fresh and not faded.

FUR coats being in general heavier than cloth, the fit is specially important. The balance must be just right, therefore the coat must be large enough to wear a suit underneath with comfort and without straining the skins. Stretch your arms round in front to test whether the back of the coat is broad enough. If it is too tight, the skins' seams will stretch and eventually split. Make sure the collar is comfortable—if you are short-necked avoid a large one.

The tall and slim can safely choose a long-haired fur, but the shorter woman, and those of heavier build, are best suited with a flat fur such as moleskin, (*Continued on page* 88)

This ocelot coat is ideal for the country and a day in town. (National Fur Company)



It's all good

Arabian Nights are dull compared to what might happen if you answer that enticing advertisement to work abroad—so you had better beware!

By JOAN ERSKINE

Illustrations by DOROTHY ERSKINE

WHAT makes an otherwise intelligent girl down tools, buy a ticket to a far-away place and settle down to a year or so of doing the kind of household chores she avoided like the plague at home ?

It sounds wonderful. " Yes," she says, looking incredibly sun-tanned, well-dressed and slightly foreign, " I 'm looking after a couple of children in Paris . . . Rome . . . Madrid. . . . It 's great fun." Is it ?

My ambitious sister had just made a dismal failure of her career in the world of fashion when the urge came. She made it sound most reasonable. Looking after just one little baby in Paris would enable her to learn the language thoroughly and continue with her art studies. Anyway, Paris was the centre of the fashion business, wasn't it ? Admittedly, to do this with no qualifications except an amiable feeling towards children needs a certain amount of bluff. The advertisement in the *New York Herald Tribune's* Paris edition sounded ideal—so did the pleasant letter that came from the young mother. " We are a somewhat unconventional family . . ." she wrote. That 's all right, decided Dorothy. I 'm a rather unconventional sort of nanny.

The year she spent in Paris has now been written off as Experience (Bitter).

" Have you ever washed sheets in cold water and green soap ? " came the plaintive cry from France

The house was not *in* Paris, but half-an-hour outside it, and every evening the gates were securely locked against possible kidnappers. For the same reason she was not allowed to take the baby for walks. Being half-American, Maman insisted on speaking English, and a reversal of the family fortunes (just as my sister arrived on the scene) meant she was penniless for long periods, during which everyone but the baby and the cats starved. Her husband never appeared.

My sister's letters from Paris were fallen upon by a disbelieving but fascinated family. Friends had a habit of saying, " What 's the latest news ? "

The French villa looked romantic but was slowly falling to bits. When the bathroom door locked itself and refused to open, my sister's bedroom was used as the passage-way to get through to the bathroom's other door. Sinks clogged and drains polluted and the gas was cut off.

" Have you ever washed sheets in cold water and green soap ? " came a plaintive cry from France. " I 'm a washerwoman-char-nanny-companion-dog's-body." No one thought it could last much longer, but it did.

" I CAN'T leave her now, she needs somebody to look after her," ran the letters. " I lent her my black dress and shoes so that she could have a good time in Paris yesterday. She managed to borrow some money from her mother, and we had snails, champagne and pâté de foie gras for lunch. The cats had omelettes and she bought me a bottle of Christian Dior perfume."

My mother read all this in stunned silence.

When the situation worsened, and a telegram arrived (from a hitherto extremely independent female) imploring a ticket home immediately, mother was off to the post office like a flash. A somewhat grubby Dorothy finally arrived home—her best suit and coat were still at the cleaners in the French village. No one had had enough money to redeem them. For all we know, they are there still.

The next venture sounded much more promising. A certain ambassador of a certain Eastern republic desired an English girl to teach the language to his youngest children and act as a companion to the others. There were eight of them altogether—but it was in Rome. The familiar light came into Dorothy's eyes. We knew what was coming. Well, Rome was the up-and-coming fashion centre, wasn't it ?

" They met me in a Cadillac as long as the station," began her first letter. " There are a butler, cook, and several sorts of maids. The butler can't buttle—has only been here one week, and is obviously dazed by Eastern ways. My job is more complicated than I first thought.

EXPERIENCE!

"I discovered the girls are princesses . . . but their manners aren't quite so exotic"

"I 'm a washerwoman-char-nanny-companion-dog's-body." No one thought it could last very much longer, but it did

Apart from being governess to the younger children, I have to train the butler and his entourage in *corps diplomatique* etiquette—so I rushed out and bought two books on it. I tell the chauffeur in French and he tells the butler in Italian. Do you see what I see will happen? Organized chaos on a grand scale. The baby is terrifying and screams all the time, but I can only do my best."

The settling-in process was satisfactorily managed, and we all received bulletins on the way Roman women dressed, the incredible heat, her progress in Italian, and the fact that working for any family, any nationality, in any town, could be very trying.

"Today we went on a picnic, Far Eastern style. Three enormous cars packed with the whole tribe plus a few aunts. Such fun—I had to keep an eye on the picnic table, tent, mattresses, diapers, rice, dishes of dead fish, snake and bits of tree (that 's what it looks like, anyway). The baby stopped screaming long enough to let me go swimming before I had to pack everything up again; and though the scenery, mountains and lakes, is out of this world, and peaches are sold by the roadside, there must be something wrong with me. I don't know if I like it."

THE last sentence we all read cautiously and eyed each other silently. "Well," said mother uncertainly "it sounds much nicer than France." We left it at that.

"I have seen the Pope—we had tickets for a mass audience in St. Peter's! We all dressed in black, with veils, and I was tremendously impressed. He spoke to all the different groups of people in French, Spanish, German and English, and as it was the last mass audience before his summer vacation, I was very lucky not to miss it.

"Shopping, by the way, is very expensive and all the shoes have pointed toes—winkle-pickers! I could have got them cheaper in England. I have had no time off at all yet, but it 's difficult to demand since I go shopping every day with the maid. We all clamber into this vast Cadillac and do it in style. I now discover I have to look after all the guests in the Embassy. I really don't know if I am governess, housekeeper, or an upstairs-maid. I rashly said I liked all Eastern food, but now wish I hadn't because I don't get anything else."

Her plunge into the realm of commerce was unexpected. "His Excellency asked me to write a business letter for him to the Daimler Benz factory in Stuttgart. He was very vague, wanted me to put in good English a letter dealing with most involved questions about car-buying. Can you imagine me doing it? I sweated away all my siesta with my book of etiquette—section, Business Correspondence. I am now convalescing."

AS her Italian improved, so did her problems. "The cook is an angel, but Madame thinks she can only cook spaghetti, so cook is permanently frustrated in the kitchen at not being allowed to do more elaborate dishes. Either I get told to do something ten different times, or not at all, and then I am supposed to thought-read. I feel like a slave and am wicked. I hide in the washroom and discuss the family with the wash-maid, who speaks French. I discovered the girls are princesses in their own country. Their manners aren't so exotic. One looked at me yesterday and said, 'Ha, ha, you know your feet are too small for your big body!' So we all laughed together and I wanted to say that small feet were a sign of delicacy and good breeding, but thought I 'd better not.

"I had to change my beautiful room with the huge sunken marble bath for a closet affair referred to as the wardrobe. That 's all it is, too— (*Continued on page* 82)

"I had to be hostess to a party of visiting priests . . ."

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"Do you like this boy Bill very much?" she asked

It had been the prize giving invitations which had brought home to her the desolation of being different from other children. Miss Markham had been planning the programme while they all gathered eagerly round her. The Butterworth twins were to play the pianoforte duet they had been practising so maddeningly all summer, little Susan Bell could sing a French nursery rhyme and Letty, the attorney's daughter, must recite dear Lord Tennyson's latest poem. Rose Donnington, who was seventeen and wore her hair in a chignon, would be able to help receive the guests. And all the cleverest freehand drawings and neatest samplers would be exhibited in the hall.

"And now, girls," decreed the little, white-haired school mistress, "instead of our usual deportment lesson you may all sit down and write an invitation to your parents."

THERE had been squeaks of excitement and a hasty settling of swaying bombazine skirts and ankle-length pantalets within the narrow confines of two rows of desks. Nine eager hands had reached for pens and nine neatly brushed heads were bent over the delectable task. Only Emily had remained standing by the bow window, miserably uncertain what to do.

"Why, Emily Green, what ails you?" asked Miss Markham thoughtlessly.

Emily knew that it was rude not to answer, but the words simply would not come. To say right out aloud, "Please, Miss Markham, I have no parents," would be a kind of shame. The lack of them had been one of those things which she had taken for granted, like the elm shaded green and the gulls on the marshes; but now she wondered if having no parents lay at the root of feeling "different."

It was Harriet Lavery who came to the rescue. With careful pen and pink protruding tongue, Harriet had been absorbed in writing on a gilt edged card the comfortable words "Doctor and Mrs. Lavery," but when she looked up and saw her friend standing all alone her brown eyes went warm and misty the way they had when she found the thin, lost tabby kitten. "Please, Miss Markham,

may not Emily invite her grandmother?"

Although Miss Markham's bread and butter had always depended upon pleasing well-to-do parents, she had kept it moistened with the milk of human kindness. "Of course. Pray sit down at once, Emily," she said. And then, seeing that the child still hesitated, she added briskly, "Certainly Mrs. Sprigget should be invited. For have you not won the history prize? Just as my dear Miss Elaine used to do."

Miss Markham never let them forget that before opening her little school for the daughters of gentlemen she had been governess up at the Hall—that it was she who had taught all Sir Guy Davlon's handsome children. But although she spoke of them all with pride everyone knew that it was Miss Elaine, the youngest, whom she had loved the best. It was still *her* sayings that were quoted, *her* deportment that was extolled.

ALTHOUGH Elaine Davlon had married a lord and gone, years ago, to live in London, she was still the perfect pupil by whom all who came after must be measured.

"Don't trip over your feet, my dear—walk gracefully, like the Miss Elaine!" the girls would titter. But to young cottage-bred Emily the fair Elaine had become a legend of all that was good and beautiful. Above the schoolroom mantelpiece, flanked by gilt candelabra, hung her portrait presented to the family governess as a mark of appreciation when Sir Guy had become a widower. And every morning, repeating her lessons or sucking her pencil for inspiration, Emily Green gazed up at the fragile, flower-like girl. Every morning she wished that her own hair were fair and curly instead of brown and straight—that her hands were not so sunburned and scratched, and that she had a blue satin sash. But at least her eyes were as blue as those of the painted beauty. And even if she were not particularly clever, she had worked diligently. And now she, too, had won the coveted history prize.

So she slid on to the few inches of shiny form which Harriet's hospitality offered and wrote on a gilt edged card, filling in Mrs. Sprigget's name. Gran would be immensely proud of it, of course, and show it to all the neighbours. But would she come?

EMILY tried to picture the schoolroom as it would look on Prize Giving Day with all the desks pushed back and the parlour chairs brought in. The Rector and Doctor Lavery would be there, with a sprinkling of other papas in grey peg-top trousers, and all the mammas in stiff crinolines like the Queen's. And Gran, perhaps, in her best bonnet and grey Sunday alpaca.

The ladies' hands would lie in their silken laps with rings shining beneath lace mittens, and Mrs. Sprigget's hands would look broad and toil-worn with red, rheumaticky knobs at the knuckles. Gran would have no chattering small-talk, no polite trills of laughter; but somehow, Emily was sure, she would look as composed and dignified as any of them because she "knew her place." According to Gran it was very important to know one's place. But poor Emily, who ran wild with the cottage children yet learned her lessons with the daughters of gentlemen in peg-top trousers, was not at all sure about her own.

"COME and play with me this afternoon," invited Harriet, when they were changing their shoes to go home. "And I will show you my new dress for the party."

"What party?" asked Emily.

"Up at the Hall, stupid! Didn't you know? Everyone's been invited," chimed in one of the Butterworth twins.

"Will Miss Elaine—that is, Lady Hardacre—be there?" asked Emily, fumbling with the black shoe ribbons.

"Papa says he passed the Hardacre coach on the turnpike from London, simply *stacked* with valises!" said Harriet.

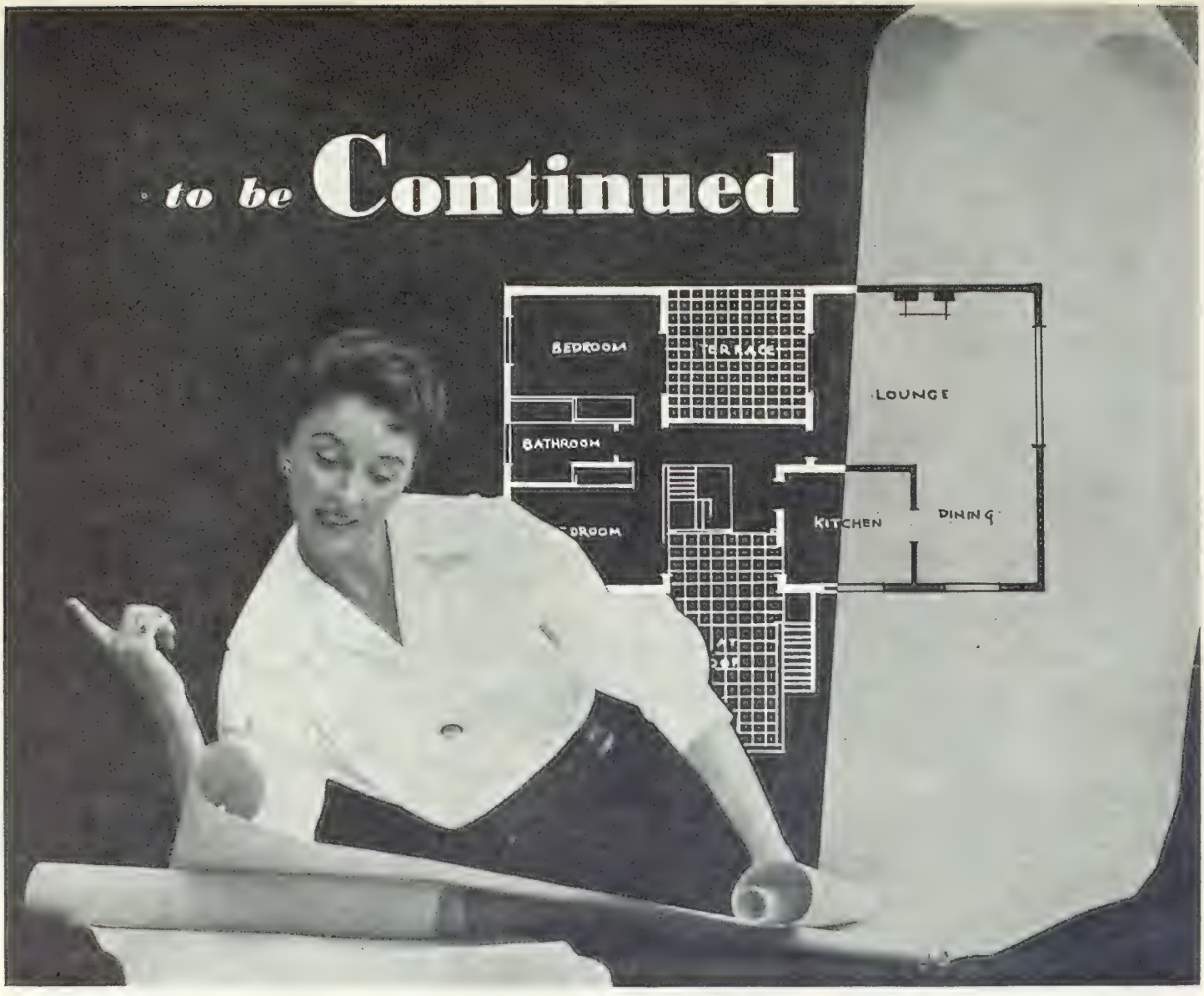
"Then we shall have a chance to see some London fashions," laughed Rose.

But Emily knew that *she* would not see them, nor their beautiful wearer either. For she lived in a cottage up Barn End Lane. She was neither fish nor fowl.

But it was not in her nature to be downcast for long and as soon as she had finished her dinner she was dancing down the street to the Lavery's, who were glad enough for her to play with their only daughter. The Doctor was standing at the foot of his doorstep now, about to set out on his rounds, "What's this we've been hearing about your winning the history prize, young Emily, when by all accounts our little duffer is always at the bottom of the class?" he called out in his bluff way.

"But everybody at school *loves* her!" declared Emily defensively. For Mrs. Lavery was (*Continued on page 65*)

... to be Continued



A house planned for extension in "easy stages" is the answer to the problem of finding an initially inexpensive home that will "grow" with the family

By G. W. HARDY, L.R.I.B.A.

FEW commercial concerns just build their factories and leave it at that. Most of them plan for the future—they anticipate additions to their workshops, stores and offices. Architects who specialize in this kind of planning so devise their designs as to allow for extensions, and the layout of the component parts of the factories are arranged with this in view.

Strangely, this common sense provision for the future is rarely if ever made by young people setting up house for the first time. And yet the uncertainties of married life in such matters as size of future family, the possibility of having to care for elderly relatives, potential increases in income and, of course, status—all create problems which must be faced at one time or another.

During the first few years of marriage the size of the family may well have been established and perhaps the problem of accommodation for elderly parents has become more pressing. Again, the junior executive may be on the way to a senior post. All these considerations and the problems which they pose can be more easily met if the architect's first plans for the house have made the necessary allowances for them.

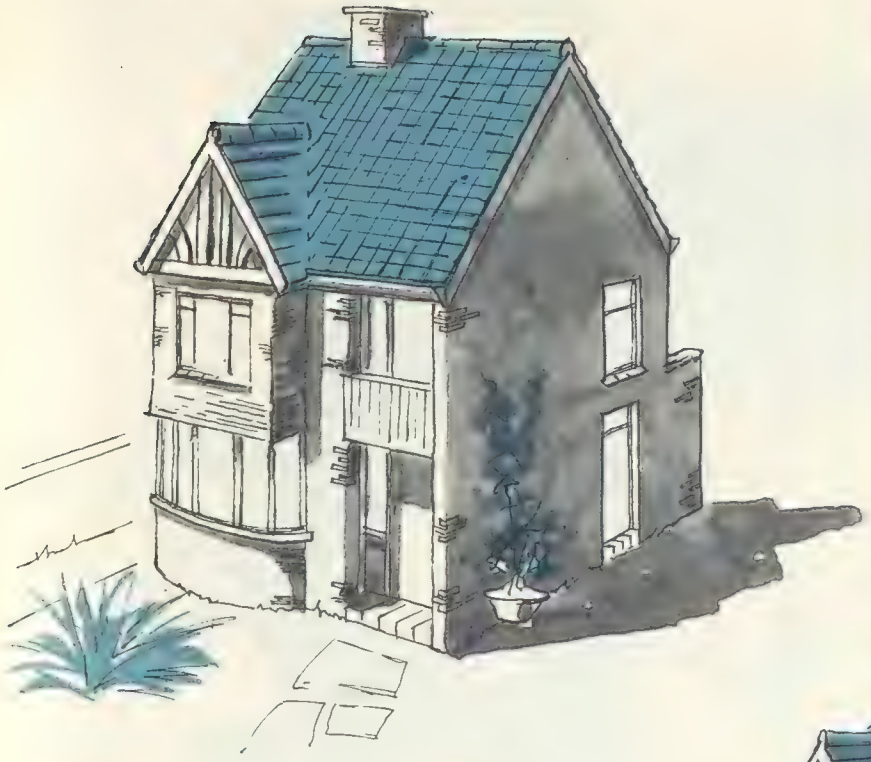
As the children grow older, father may need his own study or quiet room. Television and other instruments of harmony and cacophony may call for a room of their own. The children themselves will need a playroom. A workshop may be wanted near the garage and even, perhaps, accommodation for that *rara avis*, the domestic.

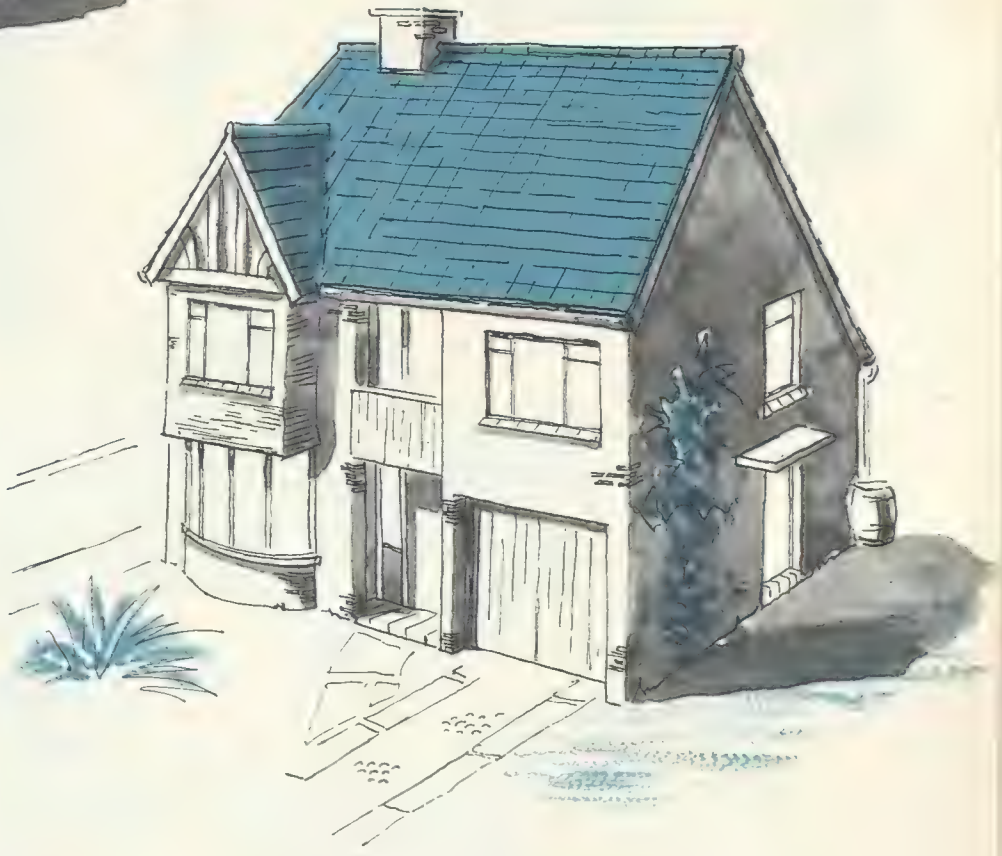
The private architect who specializes in domestic house requirements can only use his knowledge to the best advantage if, like the doctor, he has his clients' confidence. He will be able to design, plan and consider immediate requirements; he will specify all component parts and materials with his eye closely upon the budget and not least with the object of providing for economical future extensions.

Those of us with long experience in the conversion and adaptation of old houses, have often to resort to almost superhuman ingenuity in effecting workable alterations where the original designer was not permitted to provide for them at the outset. An altered house frequently has an irritating appearance. The additions are often patently after-thoughts and seem as though they are, well, just "stuck on." The charm of the original design is lost and nobody is really satisfied with the result. But if the initial planning has allowed for these alterations, a pleasing coherent whole would result and from the standpoint of economics the disproportionate cost which frequently precludes improvements and enlargements to existing buildings would be avoided.

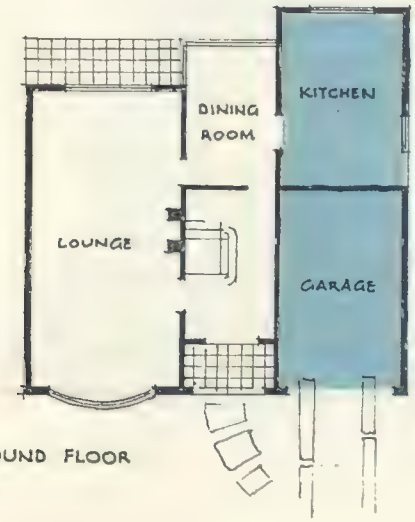
The easiest, but certainly not the most prudent way out of these difficulties, is to anticipate and mortgage the future by borrowing money for anything up to twenty-five years. The calculations are necessarily based on present income, and with this money as large a house as possible is built on any site which can be purchased within the financial limits imposed. In these (*Continued on page 77*)

FEW young married people can afford to buy or build the house that will be large enough to meet the eventual needs of a growing family—without recourse to a heavy mortgage. There is an alternative which avoids unnecessary expenditure on a house too big for present needs, too small, perhaps, for the future. It is to build a house suited to the immediate present, but planned from the start for future extensions. On this and the six succeeding pages are suggested house plans conceived with this end in view and catering for different tastes and pockets. Three are based on an estimated initial cost of £2,000 and two on £3,000. Total ultimate expenditure ranges roughly from £3,000 to £5,000





UPPER FLOOR



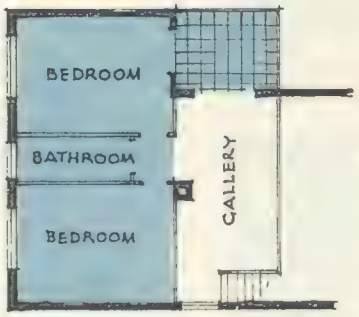
GROUND FLOOR

Future extension is shown in green in these plans of the ground and first floor

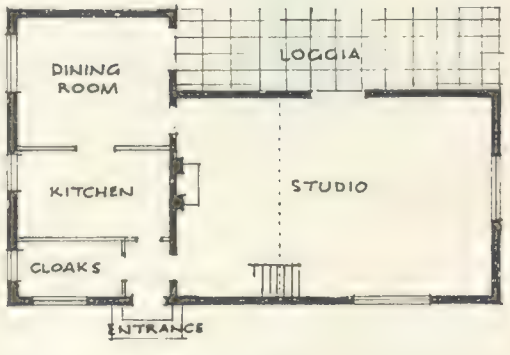
Here is an approach to the problem of future development where the conventional type of small house on a narrow frontage is concerned. In this case, as in the others shown on succeeding pages, the emphasis is equally on presenting a house that is a pleasing and finished entity at all stages—without any appearance of "bits tagged on"—and on a practical working layout throughout. The plans here show in black the essential basic needs, which are lounge-dining-room, kitchen (the room marked "dining-room" on plan), two bedrooms and bathroom. These are contained within a basic figure of £2,000. The future extension envisaged here (green) consists of two more bedrooms, garage, and a new kitchen allowing the former kitchen to become the dining-room, which will bring the total expenditure to about £3,000 for the completed project

To Be Continued...

Something rather less conventional, but nevertheless strictly practical. Here again the basic outlay would be in the region of £2,000, but in this case the house is planned round a spacious, well-lighted studio-lounge, with sleeping accommodation more or less incidental, as it were. The lounge has a gallery at one end which serves as bedroom, until additional bedrooms are needed and are added to complete the whole within a limit of £3,000. Dining-annexe, kitchen and cloaks-bathroom complete the ground-floor layout. The maximum of living space within the confines of a comparatively small house is thus achieved, and the flat roof of the dining-kitchen-cloaks portion provides an ideal sun-terrace opening off the gallery. When extra bedroom accommodation is needed this area is utilised to house two bedrooms and an upstairs bathroom—the former ground-floor bathroom remaining as cloakroom. To replace the lost first-floor sun-terrace an extra one is added as shown, opening from the studio gallery and one of the new bedrooms

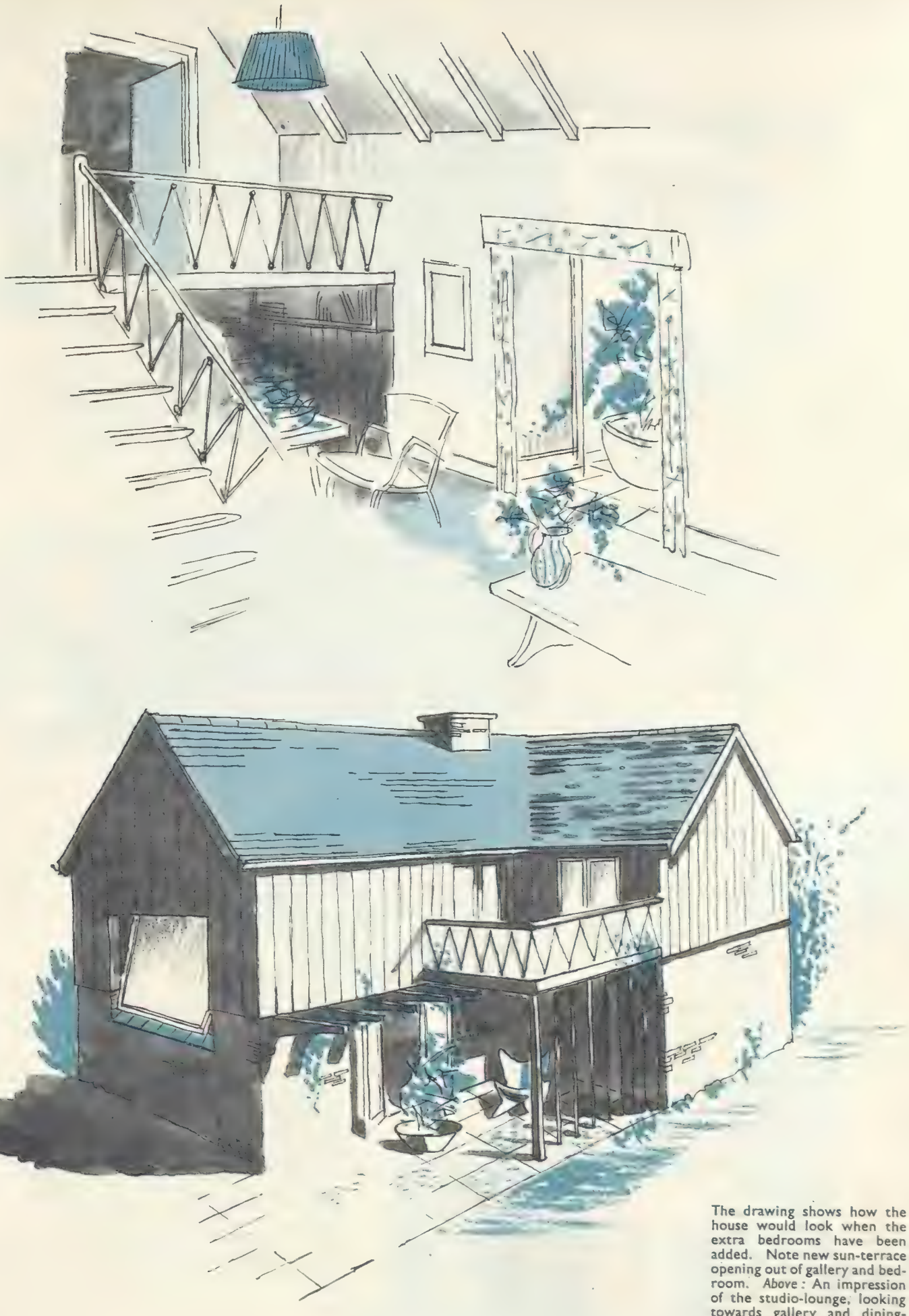


UPPER FLOOR PLAN



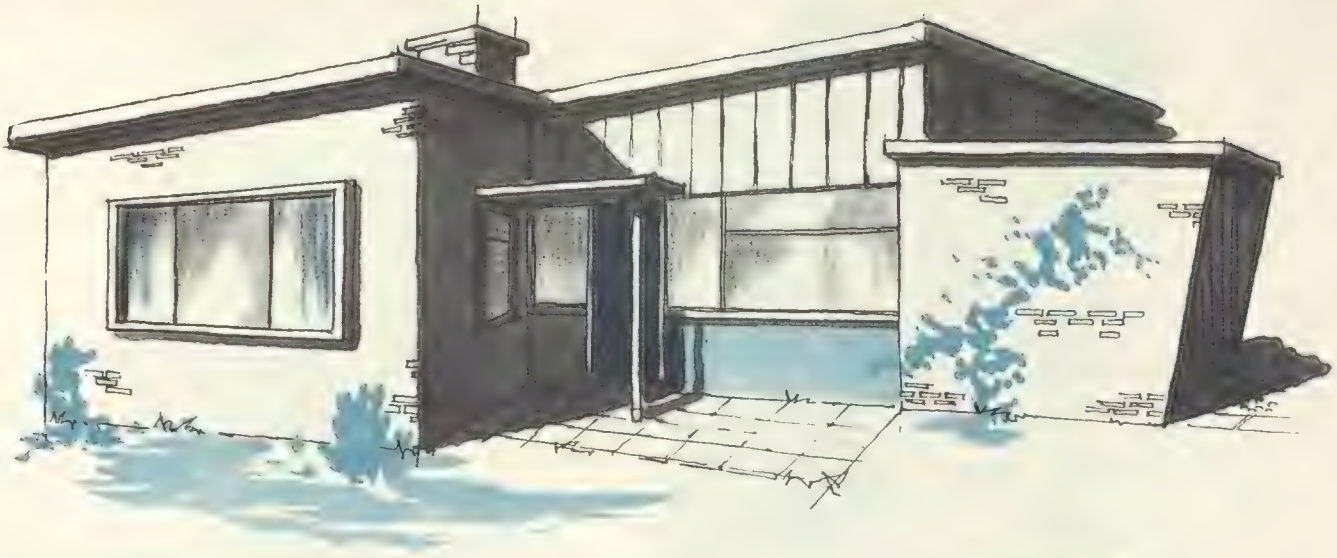
GROUND FLOOR PLAN

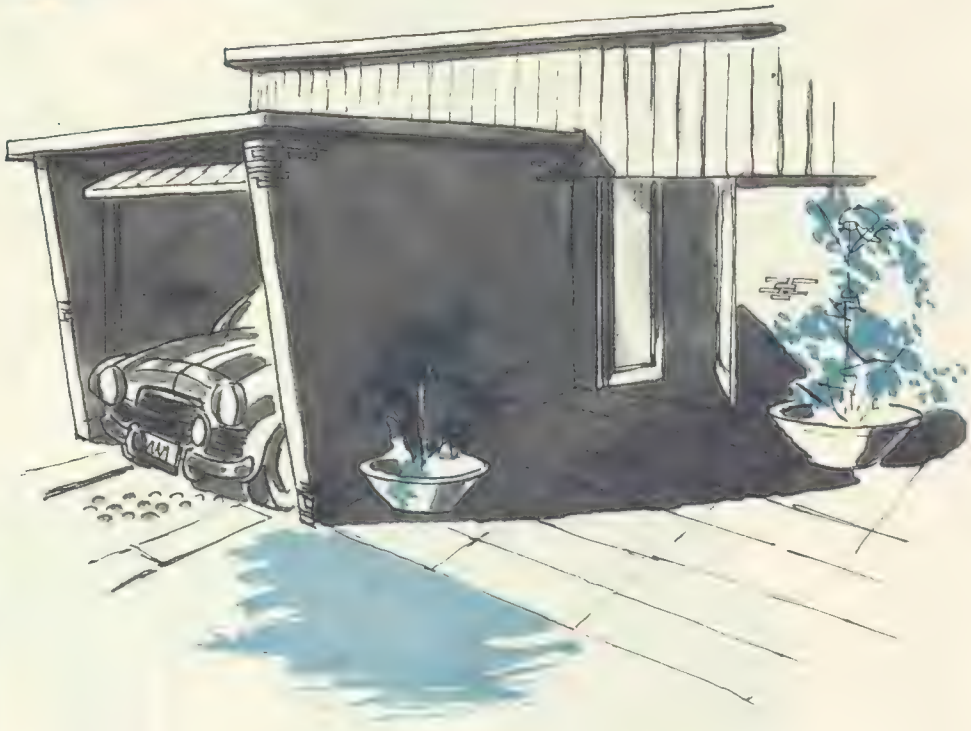
Basic plan is shown *above*, with extension indicated in green



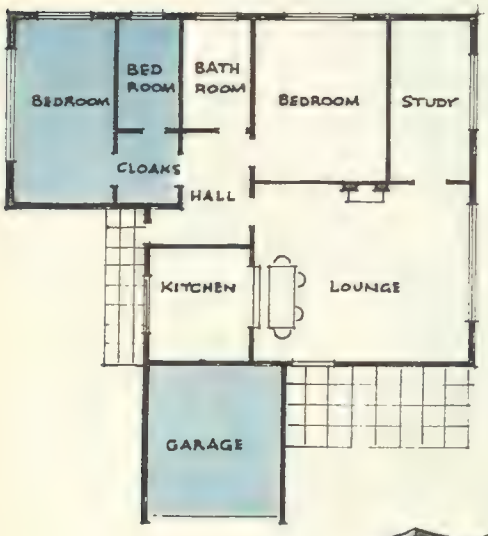
The drawing shows how the house would look when the extra bedrooms have been added. Note new sun-terrace opening out of gallery and bedroom. *Above:* An impression of the studio-lounge, looking towards gallery and dining-annexe. Door to loggia on right

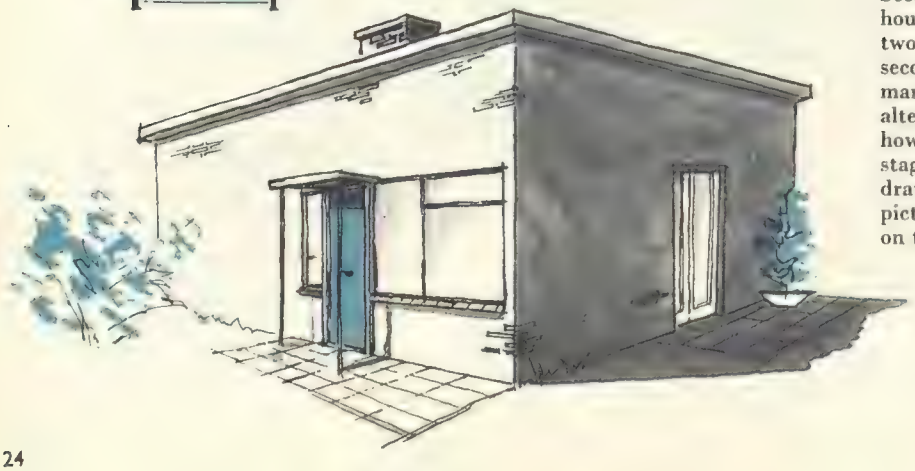
To Be Continued...



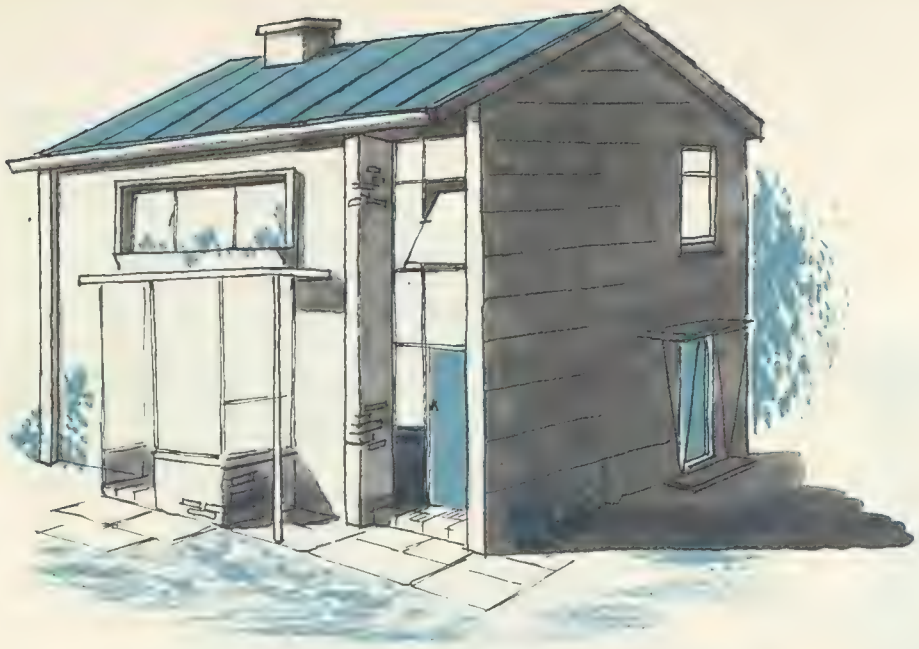


Plan for a single-storey house : the basic design is in black, and the extensions in green

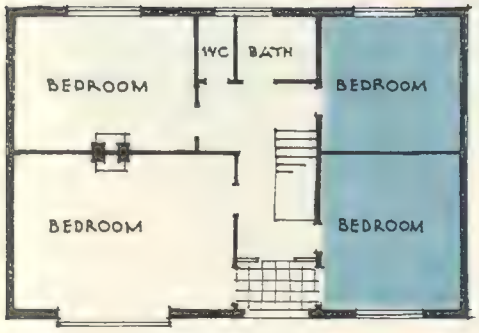




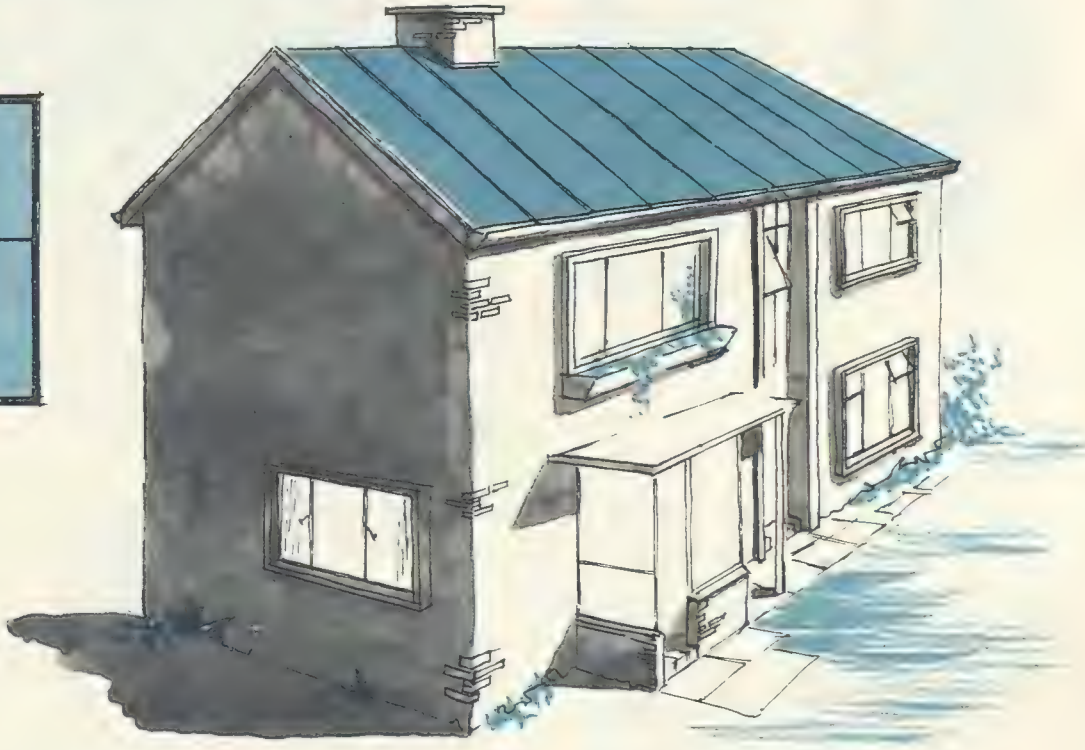
The modern tendency in house design is to spread wherever the site permits, and this scheme for a single-storey house planned for future extension has been worked out with this in mind. The basic house shown in black in the plan on left comprises lounge-dining-room, kitchen, two bedrooms and a bathroom, and could be built for around £2,000. Second stage in the development of this house is the addition of a garage, two extra bedrooms and a cloakroom. The second of the two original bedrooms is marked " study " on the plan to indicate possible alternative use. The illustration below shows how the house might appear in the first stage, and the house as extended is drawn from the same viewpoint in the top picture, the new bedrooms being on the left and the garage on the right



In this scheme the enlargement is planned so that no alteration in the roof line beyond a straightforward extension is called for. The added accommodation includes two bedrooms, utility room and extra living-room with self-contained kitchenette

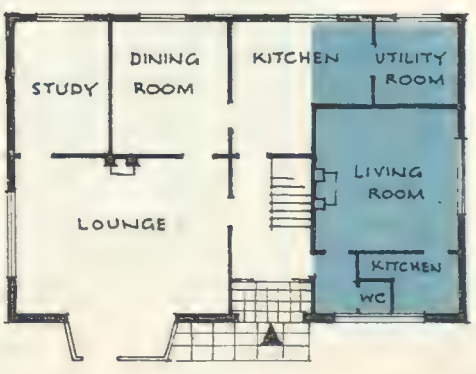


UPPER FLOOR PLAN



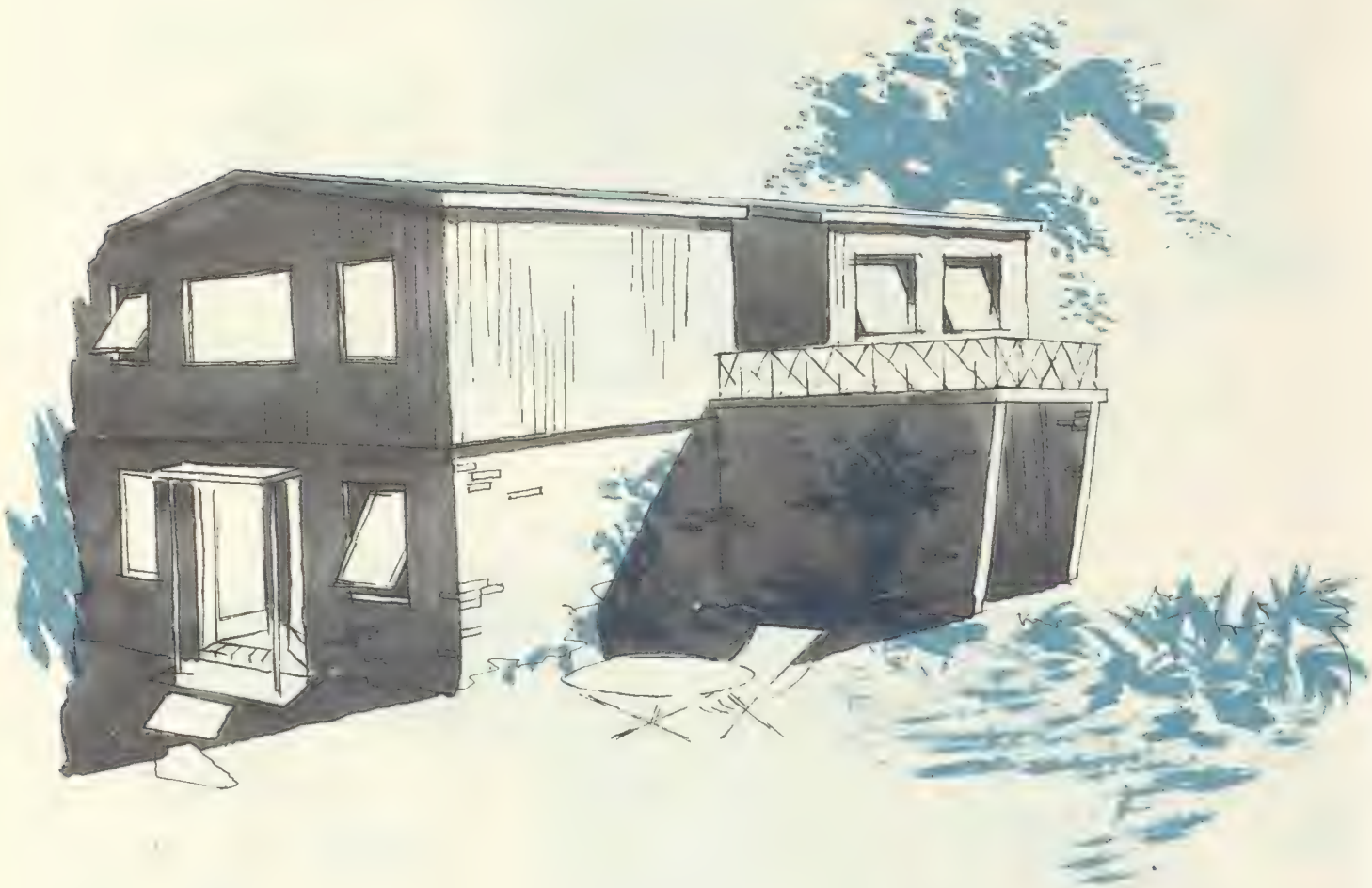
Future extensions are in green on the two plans here, the basic design being shown in black. Note enlarged kitchen and extra kitchenette provided on the ground-floor

Here is a more conventional design again. The house is rather larger than those previously considered and calls for an expenditure of about £3,000 in the first stage. The accommodation comprises separate lounge, dining-room, kitchen and study on the ground floor and two bedrooms and bathroom upstairs. The second stage tackles the problem of accommodation for an elderly relative, in addition to providing an extension to the kitchen, a utility room and two further bedrooms upstairs. The accommodation for the elderly relative forms a self-contained unit complete with kitchenette and toilet and, being on the ground floor, avoids stair climbing if the main room is used as a bed-sitting room—a convenient arrangement for old folk who value the association and company of the younger generation but wish to retain privacy and independence. The final cost of this completed house would be around £5,000

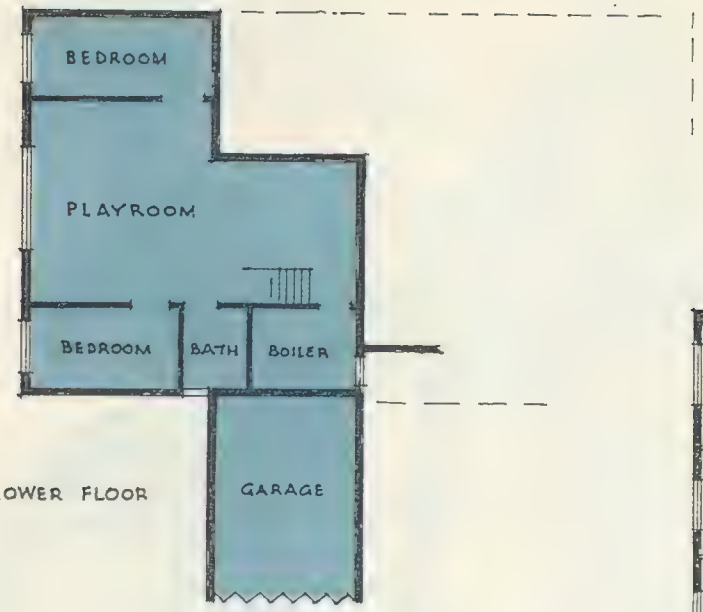


GROUND FLOOR PLAN

To Be Continued...



A larger house in the modern idiom, planned for extension in three stages and designed to make use of the frequently encountered sloping site. Cost is in the region of £3,000 for the basic house and £1,000 extra for each of the two succeeding developments. First stage is shown in the illustration (*right*) and provides lounge-dining-room, kitchen, two bedrooms and bathroom at the higher level, leaving part of the lower level to provide immediate but temporary garage space. The second stage is the provision of the garage proper and the alterations to complete the main entrance, with flat roof of garage forming a feature of the design. Stage three is the completion of the walling and partitioning at the lower level to provide children's bedrooms and playroom, and additional bathroom. Space is also shown for the inclusion of an oil-fired central heating plant. Here again the elderly relative has not been forgotten, as the children's accommodation can be converted to a self-contained unit for them or, alternatively, a self-contained flat for separate letting to supplement income



PART LOWER FLOOR

UPPER FLOOR

Basic house is shown in black, extensions in green, the garage being the first of the additions

NEW ways with WOOL

Orlon, brand-new and straight from America, is here mixed with wool for a jersey dress with the feel of cashmere (*right*). Washes beautifully, and will never fade, shrink, or crease. In colours of a radiance you have never seen before—cerise, butterfly-wing blue, enchanted lake green, stone, and cinnamon. By Peggy Page, about 6 gns. at Bourne and Hollingsworth, Oxford Street, W.1; Van Allan Shops everywhere

Festive yet warm—*above* is *the* dress for theatres and winter parties. Lurex (the untarnishable metal thread) added to wool makes it a winner in the evening, too. We sketched this dress in champagne jersey threaded with green and gold Lurex to give a soft sparkle. Also comes in cherry pink and crushed strawberry. A "Young-Sophisti-Kates" model by Elizabeth Ann, about 6 gns. at Jays (Teenage Dept.), Regent Street, W.1; Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham

The desirable "peasant" mixture of tweed and knitting, much favoured by Irish couture, is seen (*right*) in a retail version by Mornessa. It will be equally at home on all country occasions and in town as well, for the quiet conquest of the town by the country is now absolute, making for easy, casual smartness everywhere. This jumper suit comes in beige tweed with donkey-brown ribbing, black and white with grey. 5 gns. at Fenwicks of Bond Street, W.1, and Newcastle; Saltmer's, Middlesbrough

Maternity suit in creamy-pale tweed which will lighten autumn days. It has the fanning jacket beloved of Dior and a slim, tapering skirt. By Alice Edwards, £6 15s., at Treasure Cot, 103 Oxford Street, London, W.1

The camel coat is staple, the camel suit rare—but what a warming colour for winter!—and a foil for any accessories from black to scarlet. The expensive-looking suit by Crayson (*below*) is in fact only 11 gns., and is perfectly styled to the material on easy, copious lines. It is possible to wear a hefty sweater underneath the suit and go out on a cold day without a topcoat—yet still not look bulky. At Derry & Toms, Kensington; Werff Bros., Birmingham

Illustrations by

MAUREEN CHAMBERS

Duveteen—another rôle of versatile wool—looks like a woven velvet; here in narrow stripes—turquoise green, biscuit, ginger, with black—cleverly used to give a slimming effect to this maternity dress. £5 15s. 6d. at Treasure Cot, 103 Oxford Street, London, W.1

THE LAST DANCE

By DAVID LANGSTONE BOLT

Illustration by SCOTT-BROWN

"THIS is *Heaven,*" she said. "I feel young again."

He said: "Again?"

It wasn't that he danced exceptionally well; you couldn't help it; the music carried you as naturally as water downstream. She said:

"You mustn't laugh at me. In four years' time I shall be thirty!"

"I was thirty long ago."

"It's different for a man."

"And I wasn't laughing at you," he said.

There was the trumpet note again coming through, blown silver into the air. It made her think of Cherubim and Seraphim. She liked the way his hair grew, ruffled at the temple, a little grey. Why is grey nice for a man, not a woman? And the *cleanness* of his cheek. Funny word.

"You often come here?" he asked.

"I've never been before." And to explain this, she said. "I have a small daughter."

"Very small, then," he said.

She laughed.

"I have two," he said.

"Daughters?"

"Children. A boy and a girl."

In an unexplained way, this pleased her. At the corner by fluted pillars they made the turn gracefully, swinging out, it was less crowded for a moment. He did dance well, though. At the microphone a young man with wavy hair was singing with a strong American accent. She said:

"Ah . . . I like this thing. Don't you?"

"I always shall," he said.

The most wonderful, absurd part of it was that he felt exactly the same as she did; and she knew this; they both did. He said:

"These hit tunes are all the same, really. Love and the moon above; heartbreak and hands touching . . ."

"I know. Ridiculous, really——"

"Very. And the awful thing is, it's all true. Please do that again."

"What?"

"Smile."

"Was I smiling?"

She turned her face, conscious of it now. She could just see over his shoulder, just. Her own table was empty, chairs waiting. The others must be dancing. Somewhere . . . she could not be troubled to search for them.

He asked: "How long have we been dancing?"

"I don't know. Weeks."

His fingers tightened. "Is it so bad?"

"Fishing? No; it's like a dream. They say all our dreams . . . that seem a lifetime's experience . . . happen in the few moments before waking up."

And then she wished she had not said this.

He said: "Who would you like to be?"

"Who——?"

"You can be anybody you like in a dream," he told her. "Anywhere; that's the whole point."

"Me," she said. "Now."

His fingers tightened again. Did they? Or hers. It was an extraordinary thing, that they should be permitted to dance like this, close, to touch, to hold. She was terribly afraid that people would come running, now, at any moment, to separate them.

The music ended on one sustained chord; they were clapping, face to face, but looking back towards the band, apprehensive. But the music began again, a waltz, and they moved on together, gathering speed. They passed her table, and the others were seated again: three, and one saw them and raised a loose hand in recognition.

He looked at her in question.

"No," she said, "I came with friends. You see, my husband is an architect. He has to study a lot."

"An architect," he repeated. "I know several architects. His name isn't . . . Sherman by any chance?"

She shook her head.

The music stopped again; abruptly. All the lights came on hard and bright. Someone was speaking over the loud-speakers: "Seventeen, seventeen . . ." All around them couples lifted faces, white in the light, staring up, laughing and talking, a wave of sound.

They found the number twenty-nine large on a card above their heads, strung on the chain decorations between two pillars.

"No luck!"

"Never mind."

There was a movement, couples making a way through, and a prize awarded. They applauded with the rest. The lights dimmed and they were dancing again.

"Is it a happy dream?" he said.

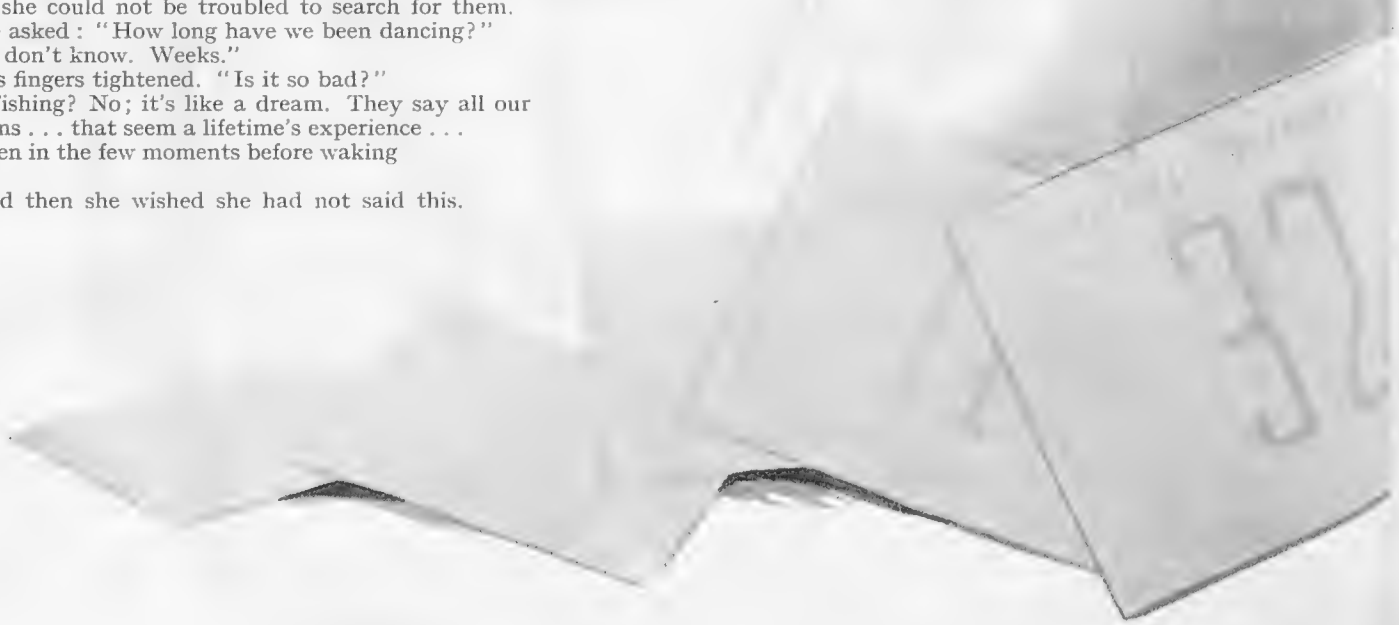
"Yes; *very* happy."

"Is it yours, or mine?"

But there was no answer to this.

The next time they were not

(*Continued on page* 72)



The most wonderful, absurd part of it was that

he felt exactly the same as she did—but she was terribly afraid

people would come running to separate them

Let's Go!

THE winter holiday is no longer the prerogative of the skier; every year more and more people set out in mid-winter to relax in the sun and pure mountain air. Admittedly, the majority do ski, skate or toboggan and it is they who have led the sun-seekers into their winter paradise which is easier to reach than ever before.

France is in the winter sport news this year. On December 1 the British Olympic Ski Team begin their training under Firmin Mattif, who will instruct them in the French Method at Val d'Isère. The success of this method is largely due to its simplicity; for beginners or top-flight skiers it is equally effective. Val d'Isère is the chief French centre for high altitude ski-ing and its mechanical equipment is just about the best in Europe. There are thirty hotels most of which have informal dances in the evenings.

Chamrousse, twenty miles east of Grenoble is the perfect "little place" not as yet "discovered" except by the discerning few. Standing at nearly 5,400 feet it is a veritable sun-trap. A *téléphérique* carries skiers up to 7,400 feet and ski-ing down from the summit is within the possibilities of very ordinary skiers. There are three little hotels; L'Ourson which charges 2,000 to 2,500 francs per day inclusive, Les Trois Dauphins, 1,600 to 2,500 francs inclusive and Les Marmottes, 900 to 1,350 francs inclusive. Also twenty miles from Grenoble is Villard-de-Lans, a paradise for children. Here are several Maison d'Enfants where children who need building up, or a recuperative holiday, can have a wonderful time under ideal conditions and medical supervision. Two good hotels run in the French family tradition are the de Paris, 1,450 to 2,250 francs inclusive and La Rotonde, 850 to 2,250 francs inclusive.

Italy is also in the Olympic picture this year as the 1956 Olympic Winter Games take place at Cortina, her most famous high altitude resort from January 26 to February 5. All accommodation was reserved months ago. In the district surrounding the 1,000-year-old town of Trento in the Dolomites there are many small resorts not too well known outside Italy, where ski-ing is good and the hotels are modern, comfortable and prices reasonable. Madonna di Campiglio, sheltered by a huge forest, is a particularly beautiful place with good ski-ing. The excellent Grand Hotel des Alps has an all-in tariff of about 35s. per day.

Canazei surrounded by the Dolomites of Fassa provides every facility for a winter vacation. The charming little Hotel Cimone charges about 30s. per day *en pension*.

THIS year Austria will be able to entertain her visitors with all her pre-war gaiety and charm. Magnificently situated in ideal winter sports country the Hotel Südbahn at Semmering provides the greatest comfort and very good food from its own farm for about £2 per day. Semmering has another great attraction, it is only 100 kilometres from Vienna where the famous State Opera House is opening again for the Winter Season. Schladming, at the foot of the Tavern Alps is in the very heart of Austria—typical country, unpretentious but utterly delightful. Mariazell is an international sports centre with every facility for serious skiers. Hotels Laufenstein and Weisser Ochs are good and *en pension* terms are about £1 per day.

Germany, easily accessible from Dover or Harwich, has many excellent sports resorts well equipped with ski-lifts etc. Garmisch-Partenkirchen sixty miles south of Munich in the Bavarian Alps is an international centre and has everything to offer the enthusiast. It has many excellent hotels which charge about 30s. per day. Mountain villages in beautiful surroundings with excellent *gasthofs* are usually in the same family for generations.

Two charming little places in the Bavarian Alps are Krünn with its very good Hotel-Pension Schonblick and Ferrachant with the equally good Gasthof Kuhflucht. *En pension* charges are about £1 per day and the food from the home farms is delicious. Ski-ing conditions here are very good indeed and the snow lasts well into spring. (*Continued on page* 57)

. . . and follow the sun-seekers into their winter sports paradise.

How, when, where—your questions are answered here and on pages 57, 58 and 60

By ANN YORK

Colour photographs by Alex Sterling

Mégève, the Cannes of the mountain resorts, is most fashionable and elegant. Famous for its ski-school and noted for its gaiety. Mégève is an ideal winter sports centre

Posed by Genia Botting of the School of Russian Ballet, Chelsea. Painting by Dion

Dance little lady . . .

. . . but to dance childhood dreams of becoming a prima ballerina to reality will mean at least seven years of arduous training, endless rigid correction and any amount of ruthless criticism

By FRANCES FAVIELL

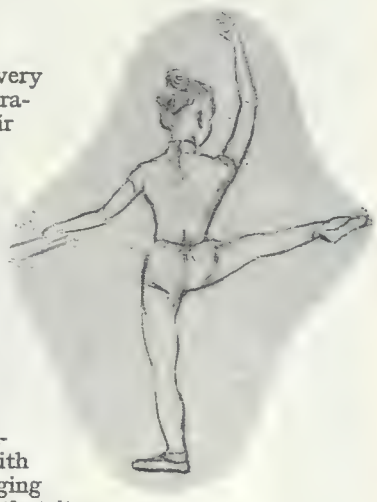
BALLET training is the present rage. No matter where one goes, proud mothers in every walk of life tell of their hopes for little Moira, Peggy, or Rose, as the case may be. Amongst a large number of mothers whom I have questioned as to their daughter's future career, the answer has been—invariably—ballet.

Do these mothers realize exactly what they mean by the term ballet? Do they have in their minds a pantomime fairy pirouetting on her toes, a child star in one of the popular ice shows, or do they actually vizualize their daughter as a Margot Fonteyn receiving the rapturous applause of a Covent Garden audience?

What child doesn't thrill to the sight of its first pantomime fairy, imagine herself in the airy white ballet dress floating on the points of her satin shoes in a glamorous romantic setting? I know I did, and the desire to be a ballet dancer was my first real urge to express something in me. I never wanted to be the centre of the stage as Juliet or Portia in the school plays; no, I wanted to dance—and dance I did.

It is absolutely natural that a child should want to dance. Dancing is one of the means whereby the most primitive races give vent to their emotions of fear, anger, joy, gratitude and pleasure. Watch two- and three-year-olds when you play the radio or a gramophone record with a pronounced rhythm. They will dance about, trying to keep to the rhythm or trying to express some mood which the music compels in them. Small boys will do this just as much as the girls—but they are usually discouraged from it. Because a child dances in this way, it doesn't mean that he or she is going to become a dancer any more than that every child who spends his spare time in drawing or painting pictures will become an artist.

Nowadays far too much encouragement is given by fond but misguided parents to every scrap of talent. The older generation were loath to praise their offspring. I never remember either of my parents praising anything which we children had achieved. On the contrary, whatever examination we had passed, whatever prize we had won, they invariably found something to say which implied that we might have done even better, won an even higher award. This sounds unreasonable and out of line with the modern fashion of encouraging talent far above its merit, so that its owner gets an exalted opinion of his powers. In the long run I think that the old way was much wiser. Competition is so keen now, that it is definitely unkind to encourage talent which doesn't exist.

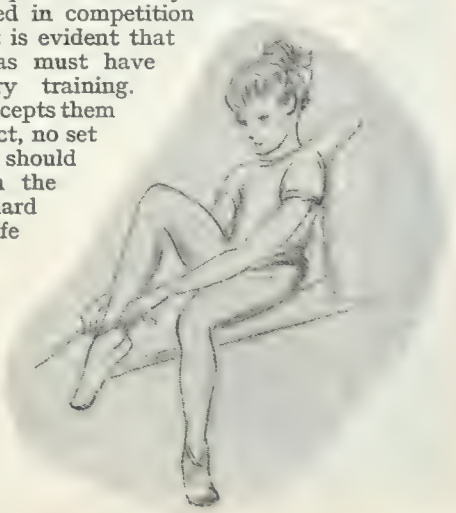


"But my girl is mad about ballet—she cares for nothing else," said one mother; "she has always wanted to dance."

Well, then, let her dance—but don't put the idea of her becoming a *prima ballerina* into her head. Let her dance. There is no better training for poise, balance, or grace than ballet. Watch Robert Helpmann walk on to a stage—his poise is superb.

"How early should children begin training?" This is a question on which there is and always has been a great deal of controversy. In the old Imperial Schools in Russia pupils were never accepted until they were ten—but as they were then selected in competition from large numbers, it is evident that the would-be ballerinas must have had some preliminary training. Sadler's Wells School accepts them at nine. There is, in fact, no set age at which a child should begin. It depends on the child. It is a long, hard training with a short life

(*Continued on page* 74)



Drawings by author, posed by Maina Gielgud, niece of John and Val, and pupil of Madame Tamara Karsavina

The FLYING MOMENT

Fun was not the word she would have chosen, nor the word she would have wished him to use

She sat down with her daffodil skirt spread around her and let Richard bring her a glass of sherry

A Short Story

By SUSAN MUIR

Illustrations by TANAT JONES

THE rocks cast lengthening shadows now over the sand, and the pools had the light, glazed look of evening. Jill stood resting on her shrimping net and surveyed the quiet world, which seemed to wait with her in a tranced moment of expectancy.

"Time to go home, Benny."

Her young companion still scrabbled in one of the smaller pools. Jill's voice had no urgency in it, none of the imperative force which edged the familiar edicts of grown-ups, and the little boy paid no attention. She accepted his chosen deafness without impatience, letting her mind wait in the hushed lateness, half reluctant herself to bid farewell to the dying afternoon.

There was a lovely feeling in the air, like the tiptoe moment in a theatre before the rise of the curtain. It might be true that looking forward to something was better than the thing itself; it was a gilding on time as it passed, as the wet sands were gilded now by the sinking sun, so beautiful in its breathless gold that one held the treasure captured, afraid to let it go. Home again—oh, that was a step nearer, but it was like the breaking of a spell. Yet time did not wait, except for a few magical moments when it stood still. Jill, gazing seawards to the low far-away tide which also, proverbially, waited for no man, shivered a little and knew in that evening coolness that time summoned her.

"I'm going, Benny. Are you coming?"

The child relinquished his afternoon and walked obediently beside her. He was tall for his age and together they looked contemporary, Jill's nineteen years seeming not quite credible in her crumpled shorts and striped jersey. Ordinarily she would have taken that for granted, giving no thought to her urchin appearance; naturally, to scramble about among rock pools with a small boy one dressed for the part. Now she looked down at her bare toes treading across the sand and had a smile in her heart for high-heeled slippers.

The transformation she would achieve so soon already wrapped her in a dream. It was a perfect dress, the yellow one with the crisp swoosh to the skirt—a romantic, daffodil dress. The hair which now blew so careless and free would be piled at the top of her head. She would be sophisticated, exquisite. Thus she would show herself to Richard.

She could picture herself; she could picture Richard, too, although

Her heart called: Richard, Richard, look up at me and love me. But he only went on looking at the moonlight on the sea

here she admitted a degree of wishful thinking. Was her imagination too daring, playing with such visions as a light in Richard's eyes which was exclusively for her, an awareness in his manner? Perhaps, but it was too dear a dream to abandon.

"I wish," said Benny, trudging beside her, "that the afternoon wasn't finished. I hate a day stopping."

She released her private thoughts to smile at him.

"Do you? It was fun, but—I don't know. Perhaps the best is yet to be. Night hasn't fallen, yet."

"But there's nothing else. Only supper and bed."

"Poor Benny. Never mind. When you're a bit older you'll probably like it, the now-the-day-is-over time. I like it; at least, I do sometimes. I like it today."

THE sideways look he gave her had something offended in it. She laughed and put her arm across his shoulders. He wanted her to inhabit his own world, not the world of grown-ups. He would never understand about Richard; how could he, possibly? It would be nice to tell somebody, even Benny—to say that Richard was coming, Richard her dear and only love who didn't know that he was anything of the kind, and that the real Jill was not the ragamuffin playmate of the shrimping pools but a smooth young woman in a daffodil dress. She did not say that, or anything like it. They were climbing the steep cliff path and the effort did not leave much breath for conversation.

At the gate of her house on top of the cliff she said goodbye to Benny and he trudged disconsolately in the direction of his own home. Turning to open the gate she saw a tall figure coming across the garden towards her, and under the striped jersey her heart somersaulted.

"Hallo, Jill, my dear. I've been watching your journey over the sands."

He had come, and she was not ready for him. She stood appalled, a barefoot child with disordered hair, with all that the day's sun and wind and sea could do to her; her expression as she looked at him had in it a piteous lack of welcome.

"Your train wasn't due till seven o'clock."

That was all she could say, and immediately she was sorry for her clumsy and ungracious greeting. Her own words, crying out her disappointment, were unruly things which conspired with everything else to ruin a meeting imagined as a vision of beauty.

"I know, but I changed my mind and came by car. I made an early start, and—well, here I am. How are you, after this long, long time?"

She told him haltingly that she was very well, pushing her hair back from her face, feeling shy and stupid and inadequate.

"You haven't changed a bit. Watching you there on the shore, with your little friend, made me feel as if I'd been seeing you only yesterday. Did you have a good catch?"

"Middling. We weren't trying very hard. I gave them all to Benny."

SHE caught a desolate sound in her own voice, and thought bitterly that he might suppose her to be making childish complaint of the scarcity of shrimps. He would not imagine the desolation to be for the fact that he saw her still as a child playing on the shore.

Mrs. Blair stepped daintily over the grass towards them. Since her husband had annoyed her by dying ten years before, leaving her with a sense of grievance rather than grief, she was fond of saying plaintively that she was obliged to be both father and mother to Jill, but nothing in her appearance or manner suggested a masculine side to her personality. She was the dear little woman incarnate, with a leaning towards flowered silks and too many artificial pearls, and a deprecatory pride in the smallness of her feet.

"Richard, my dear man, I'm sure you're dying for a glass of sherry. Come along into the drawing-room; it's getting quite dewy. What a comfort it is to have you here—but I *promise* not to discuss business on your first evening. Jill darling, do run and make yourself respectable."

She put her head engagingly on one side and simpered at Richard. "She's still the incorrigible tomboy, you see."

Jill fled, tears pricking her eyes and aching in her throat. That was all it was, really; just making herself respectable. A clean print dress and a pair of sandals and neatly combed hair would have done perfectly well, would have been all that was expected from the young daughter of the house. Richard came only as an old friend of the family, a kindly adviser on Mrs. Blair's affairs; he was the (*Continued on page* 62)

The pick of the month's reading

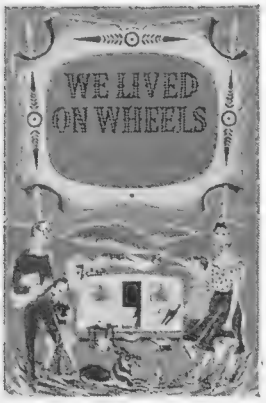
—fiction and fact—

recommended for your enjoyment

NOVEMBER BOOKS

By TREVOR ALLEN

Evelyn Anthony completes a trilogy of historical novels with **"Far Fly The Eagles"**



TWO books this month suggest one of those inane conundrums which only perplex us and do not really deserve an answer: Where would you rather live, in the Arctic or in a caravan? Evelyn Berglund grew up in the Arctic with a trapping family. She was, so to speak, suckled on crisp, cold snow and played with trap-lines as other children play with skipping-ropes. At an early age she learned all there was to know about furs and the habits of wild creatures that roam the wastes. Bears, to her, were not the pets of nursery or pests of story books but unwelcome nomads who came prowling round the cabin at night, upsetting the dogs, and when you returned from the trapping trail, might even be found inside hut or shed taking a look round. **"Born On Snowshoes"** (Hale, 16s.) is her simple tale of a breezy, hardy upbringing remote from the cosy amenities most youngsters enjoy.

Sylvia Duncan, with husband Peter—editor and producer of *In Town Tonight*—and their two growing-ups quitted a comfortable house to live in a caravan on London's outskirts. She records in documentary detail all the snags and problems as well as the joys in **"We Lived On Wheels"** (Rich and Cowan, 15s.), and a lively, human, domestic story it makes. The problems mainly concerned space and privacy for her writing work; the joys included trailer-trips through France and Italy with the children. After two winters they reverted to a house in Surrey, but Mrs. Duncan still uses the caravan for family jaunts abroad.

Another conundrum we might consider is: what makes women fascinating, and can they be both fascinating and virtuous? Of Elizabeth Jenkins' **"Ten Fascinating Women"** (Odhams, 15s.) the majority were mistresses and make by far the best stories. If thereby hangs a moral most immoral, we had better not stress it. The Duchess of Marlborough was presumably irreproachable (except for her temper); Elizabeth I seemingly so, though doubtful; Elizabeth Inchbald, whom Charles Lamb called "the only endurable clever woman," romantic but innocuous because more novelist than actress, which probably saved her. But as for Mary Fitton, Martha Ray, Becky Wells, Rosamond Clifford, Harriette Wilson, Lady Blessington, the Duchess of Lauderdale. . . . What lives and loves for Miss Jenkins' scandalous delight and our secret pleasure! (*Continued on page* 69)

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHER

MUCH of Lisa Sheridan's career might be summed up as: focus on the royal and the famous. Her photographs of the Royal Family are often notable for their charming informality; other sitters have included Shaw, Wells, Masefield, Milne, the Archbishop of Canterbury. So it is through the camera's eye that we meet them in their off moments, hear intimate stories about them, and learn how sittings are fixed, prints approved and passed, in her busy, bustling autobiography: **"From Cabbages To Kings"** (Odhams, 21s.).

This handsome quarto with forty-eight pages of photographs is obviously for the drawing-room table as well as the library shelf, and with Christmas nearing, an enviable choice for a present.

turn to page 69 for further book announcements

The bolero and jumper are perfect companions to skirts, as sketched, while the jumper alone is ideal under a suit

Let it Freeze . . .

and keep warm by knitting

this versatile twin-set

MATERIALS: 13 ozs. of Wakefield Greenwood's W.G. "Springtime" All Wool Super Botany Fingering 3-ply for the twin-set (7 ozs. for jumper and 6 ozs. for bolero); 1 pair each of Nos. 13, 12 and 11 knitting needles and 4 double-pointed No. 13 knitting needles. **Measurements:** To fit a 34- to 35-in. bust. **Jumper,** length from shoulder to hem, 21 ins. **Bolero,** length at centre back, 15 ins.; shoulder seam, from neck to cuff, 19 ins. **Tension:** 9 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in. on No. 11 needles. **Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; st(s)., stitch(es); b.-rib, back stitch-rib, which is k. 1, p. 1 but working into the backs of all k. sts.; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; tog., together; inc., increase by working twice into 1st.

JUMPER FRONT

Cast on 120 sts. with No. 13 needles. Work 32 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 12 needles and work 32 rows in rib. Change to No. 11 needles. Continue in b.-rib and inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th and every following 4th row until there are 156 sts. Proceed straight for 60 rows.

Shape Shoulder and Neck.—B.-rib 92, slip the last 28 of these sts. on to stitch-holder for collar, b.-rib to end. Work each shoulder separately.

1st row.—Cast off 4, b.-rib to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

2nd row.—B.-rib. Rep. these 2 rows until 14 sts. remain. Cast off.

Rejoin wool at neck edge of remaining sts. and work to correspond, reversing shapings.

BACK

Work as for front from * to *.

Shape Shoulder and Neck.—Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows.

Next row.—Cast off 4, b.-rib 76, slip the last 36 of these sts. on to stitch-holder, b.-rib 44 sts.

1st row.—Continue to work on these 44 sts., and cast off 4, b.-rib to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

2nd row.—B.-rib. Repeat these 2 rows 5 times (14 sts.). Cast off. Rejoin wool at neck edge of remaining 40 sts.

1st row.—K. 2 tog., b.-rib to end.

2nd row.—Cast off 4, b.-rib to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

3rd row.—B.-rib to end. Rep. last 2 rows 4 times (14 sts.). Cast off.

ARMBANDS (both alike)

Join shoulder seams. With right side facing and No. 13 needles, pick up 114 sts. evenly round armhole. Work 10 rows k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off loosely.

(Continued on page 70)

Country Weekend

MATERIALS: 5 ozs. Copley's 4-ply "Excelsior" Super Botany Fingering in Tan, and 4 ozs. in Natural; 1 pair each of Nos. 13 and 11 knitting needles; 4 plain buttons, coat size. **Measurements:** To fit 40 to 41-in. chest size; length, 20 in., 42 to 43-in. chest size; length, 20 ins. **Tension:** 8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in. over pattern. **Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; st(s)., stitch(es); sl., slip; inc., increase; dec., decrease, T., tan; N., natural.

Note: Where two alternative figures are given, the first is for the 40 to 41-in. chest size, the second for the 42 to 43-in. chest size.

THE BACK

With No. 13 needles and T, cast on 135 (143) sts., and rib as follows :

1st row.—(K. 1, bring wool to p. side and sl. 1 purlways) ; rep. to last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—(Bring wool to p. side and sl. 1 purlways, k. 1) ; rep. to last st., sl. 1 purlways. Rep. these 2 rows twice.

7th row.—(K. 1, p. 1) ; rep. to last st., k. 1.

8th row.—(P. 1, k. 1) ; rep. to last st., p. 1. Rep. these 2 rows 11 times.

Next row.—With right side facing, join N and patt. on No. 11 needles as follows :

1st row.—N, (k. 1, sl. 1 purlways, keeping wool to k. side) ; rep. to end, inc. 1 st. in last st., 136 (144) sts.

2nd row.—N, p. to end.

3rd row.—T (sl. 1 purlways, keeping wool to k. side, k. 1) ; rep. to end.

4th row.—T, p. to end. These 4 rows complete the patt. Continue in patt. and inc. at both ends of the 5th and every 6th row following until there are 168 (176) sts. Complete 120 rows of patt.

Shape Armholes.—Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 20 rows, 128 (136) sts. Patt. 88 (92) rows.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 21 (23) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off remaining 44 sts. for back of neck.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 13 needles and T. cast on 91 (97) sts., work first 10 rows as for back, inc. 1 st. at end of 7th row.

11th row.—Work first buttonholes as follows : rib 44 (46) sts., cast off 4, rib 37 (41) sts., cast off 4, rib 3.

12th row.—Rib 3, cast on 4, rib 37 (41) sts., cast on 4, rib 44 (46) sts.

13th row.—Rib, inc. 1 st. at end of row for front edge 93 (99) sts. Work 17 rib rows, inc. 1 st. at front edge on 19th and 25th rows, 95 (101) sts.

31st row.—Join N and patt. on No. 11 needles to end, inc. 1 st. in last st., 96 (102) sts.

Continue in patt., inc. 1 st. at front edge of every 6th row, and inc. 1 st. at beg. of 5th patt. row, then at this edge on every 6th following row. Complete 40 patt. rows, 108 (114) sts.

Next row.—With right side facing, work second buttonholes as follows : Inc. 1 st. into first st., patt. 42 (42) sts., cast off 4, patt. 54 (60) sts., cast off 4, patt. 3.

Next row.—Patt. 3, cast on 4, patt. 54 (60) sts., cast on 4, patt. 44 (44) sts.

Continue in patt., inc. 1 st. at seam edge on every 6th row *and at the same time* dec. 1 st. at front edge on next and every 3rd row following. Complete 60 patt. rows, 98 (104) sts.

Still dec. 1 st. at front edge on every 3rd row, keep seam edge straight and work 20 more rows, 92 (98) sts.

Shape Armhole.—Dec. 1 st. at seam edge on next 23 (25) rows, still dec. 1 st. at front edge on every 3rd row until 42 (46) sts. remain. Complete 112 (120) rows of armhole shaping.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 21 (23) sts. at armhole edge of next 2 rows.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left, without buttonholes and reversing shapings.

NECK AND FRONT EDGING

With No. 13 needles and T, cast on 391 sts. and rib as for welt for 8 rows. Cast off loosely in rib.

ARMHOLE RIBBING

With No. 13 needles and T, cast on 201 sts., rib as for welt for 8 rows. Cast off loosely in rib.

. . . a four-ply waist-coat made in two-colour Fair Isle

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder and side seams, matching up patt. rows. With warm iron press seams under a damp cloth. Pin on front ribbing, stretching it to fit evenly all round fronts and neck. Stitch securely. Sew on armhole ribbings likewise. Work the buttonholes. Press under a damp cloth with warm iron. Sew on buttons.

Photographs by John Cole

MOST Presentable

specially when you have made them yourself

Photograph by John Cole

Everybody appreciates the present you have made specially for them yourself. Such a gift not only expresses your personality but has an individual and distinctive touch. To help you with your present-giving, we show you twenty-eight original ideas all inexpensive to make and exciting to receive

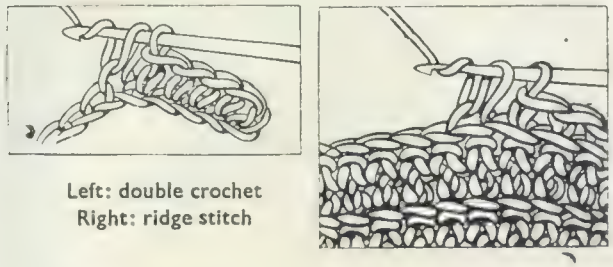
BRUSHED WOOL STOLE *Above*

Designed for hand or machine knitting, this glamorous stole takes only 24 ozs. of Lee Target Motoravia Double Knitting. Set the knitting machine at tension 20 and cast on 181 sts. For hand knitting: cast on 181 sts. with No. 4 knitting needles. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib to end of row. Repeat until all wool has been used. For the brushing send the stole to George Lee & Sons, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

CANDLEWICK MATS *Below right*

For the place mats shown in colour on the facing page you will need: larger mats, 1 hank (1 oz.) of Strutt's Candlewick Cotton; smaller mats, slightly less than 1 hank, No. 6 crochet hook. Instructions how to do double crochet and the ridged surface are given with diagrams below.

With a firm even stitch start with 6 chain. Join to make circle. Working in end, work 1st round in d.c. working two stitches into alternate loops. Continue in d.c. working twice into roughly every 4th loop. (This must be left to the discretion of the reader. The important thing is to keep the mat flat.) Finish by working last two stitches in single crochet to avoid bump. Sew in end neatly with matching cotton.



Left: double crochet
Right: ridge stitch

How to do double crochet. Make required length of chain and join in circle. Draw a loop through first chain, then draw a loop through both stitches on hook. A ridged surface is produced for each new stitch by inserting hook through back threads of stitches that lie along top edge of previous round.

NEEDLE CASE *Opposite top right*

Using pink, blue and white felt, cut in each colour: 1 heart-shape, 4¾ in. long and 4¼ in. across; 1 strip ⅝ in. wide and 9⅞ in. long (for holding the scissors); 1 white piece ¾ in. by 2 in. (for holding thimble). Pink all edges. Place hearts one on top of the other and the strips in the same order. Stitch the top of three strips to the centre of the three heart-shapes (wrong side of needle case). Sew a ribbon loop on scissors handle. Stitch loop firmly to three strips ½-in. from the bottom. With right side facing, in centre of heart, sew each end of small white strip to hold thimble.

THE LEOPARD LOOK *Opposite centre*

In the middle picture opposite are some delightful ideas for presents for the home—ideas you can adapt to suit different shaped boxes, lamps and so on. All are in plain wood and covered with fur fabric which

can be bought easily. The lamp standard and tobacco jar illustrated, are obtainable in plain wood from shops in various parts of the country (for details turn to our special offer on page 85). Plain wooden boxes suitable for cigarette or jewel boxes can be obtained from Dryad Ltd., 22 Bloomsbury Street W.C.1. in two sizes; 5½ in. by 4 in. by 2¼ in. deep costs 6s. and 4¾ in. by 3½ in. by 2⅜ in. deep, 5s. Prices include postage.

TOBACCO JAR *Below*

Make a groove ⅛-in. wide and ⅛ in. deep down side of jar. Cut a strip of fur fabric to size of jar, plus ¼ in. and allowing a little extra in height for turning over rim. Stick material to jar, bottom flush with base of jar. Push edges into groove with penknife to give a neat finish. Turn top edge in to rim of jar, taking in excess material in tiny pleats.

TABLE LAMP *Below*

Proceed as for tobacco jar, but finish flush with top and bottom of standard. Shade shown is of red cardboard, but other types are equally suitable.

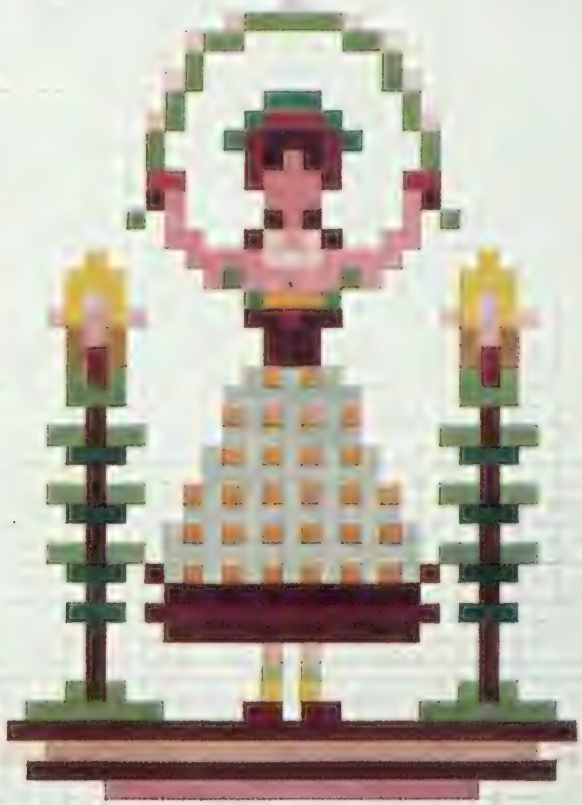
Who would not love to receive this prettiest of manicure outfits or the pin-cushion, both using heart-shaped baskets? It is an idea you can adapt to other shapes of containers, too. The handkerchief sachet is in felt, as is the charming little needle case. Directions for making the needle case are on the opposite page, and for the other items in the picture see page 85. *Below:* Place mats in bright colours — quick-to-make in crochet. Instructions and diagram of stitches used will be found on opposite page.
(Photo: Colin Sherborne, Cutlery from Harrods)

CIGARETTE BOX *Above*

Stick band of fur fabric all round box. For lid, cut rectangle large enough to cover top and sides of lid. Pin to lid of box with drawing pins. Make darts at joins of sides of lid and cut away surplus material; bring edges together; remove drawing pins and stick down, lid first, sides afterwards.

JEWEL CASE *Above*

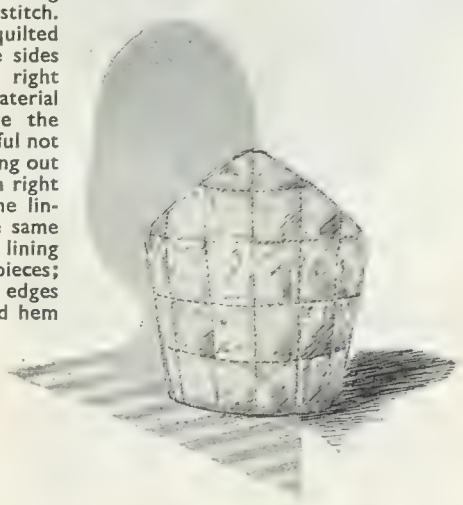
Stick a piece of felt on to lid, then cover with rectangle of fur fabric, large enough to cover top and side. Continue as for cigarette box lid. Place strip of material round box, with ¾-in. *(Continued on page 45)*



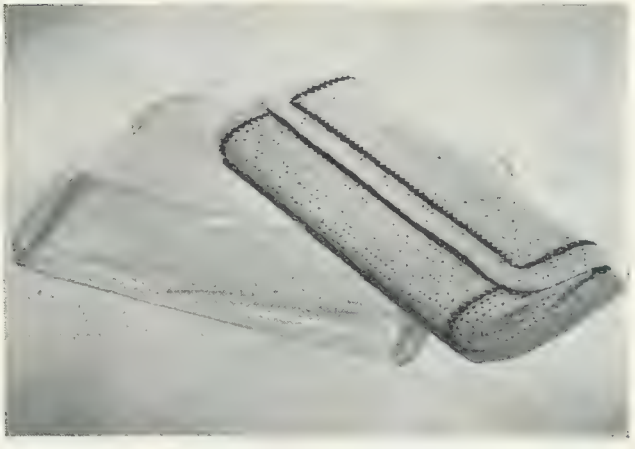
All the colours of the rainbow are used in these delightful Italian designs which are embroidered in cross-stitch, and can be worked direct from these coloured charts. The three we show are from an album of twenty-four designs, which is obtainable (price 2s. 9d., plus 3d. postage) from Art Needlework Industries, 7, St. Michael's Mansions, Ship St., Oxford, from whom you can also get the materials and other designs covering a wide range of subjects from mosaics to Renaissance and pillow lace

You can make these beautiful examples of French Lacet embroidery cheaply and easily. The daisy tea-cosy and tray cloth cost 10s. 10d. for all materials. The lupin design of which we show one tray-cloth only, is 18s., both from Kynance Galleries, Gloucester Road, London, S.W.7, who supply lacet in knots of 5½ yds. at 1s. 8d. for colours, 1s. 2d. white; coloured rayon pieces 18 in. x 24 in., 2s.; and transfers at 10d. Kynance Galleries give full instructions and colour chart with material

For the egg cosy (*below*) cut four pieces of material 4½ in. x 3½ in., trim the tops only to a shallow point. Lay a thin layer of cotton wool on the wrong side of two of the pieces and keep it in place by tacking tissue-paper over it. On the right side tack in guide lines for the quilting across the material and up and down about ¾-in. apart; then either sew by hand or machine along them with a loose stitch. Join the two quilted pieces round the sides and top, putting right sides of the material together; remove the tissue, being careful not to pull the wadding out of place, and turn right side out. Join the lining pieces in the same way, and place lining inside the quilted pieces; turn in the raw edges at the bottom and hem



Designed for leisure—a crochet belt (*left*) and evening bag (*below*) can be made as a set or separately. For the belt you require 2 ozs. Lee Target Clover Bouclé; just over ½-oz. gold thread; No. 9 crochet hook; ring and 2 buttons. Measurements: width, approximately 2 ins.; length, waist plus 8 ins. Making: Use gold thread and double wool together throughout. Make 10 chain. Into 3rd chain from hook work 1 treble. Work in trebles throughout, turning with 2 chain. At either end of belt make a chain loop, work over them in d.c. to strengthen. To wear: slot ends through ring, pull back, sew on two decorative buttons



Novelty paper handbag with cover. Instructions on page 85

(*Continued from page* 43)

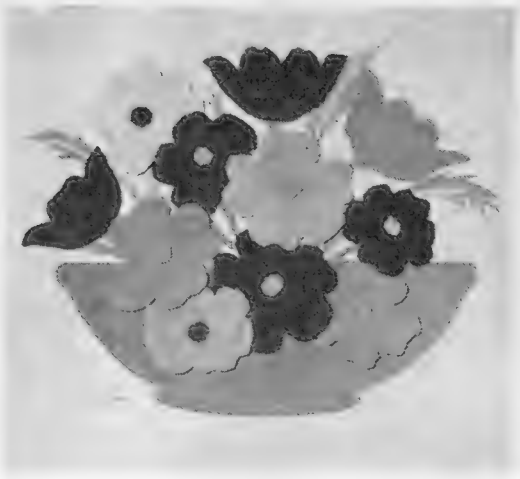
turning to turn under on bottom of box. Stick top edge on lip of box, making tucks inside. Cover bottom of box with leatherette; line inside with brown satin. To line lid: cut a piece of cardboard to inside size of lid; stick to this wadding the same size; cover wadding with satin; bring raw edges of satin round behind cardboard; stick to inside of lid. Make compartments by covering very thin strips of wood with satin and stick inside box.

CROCHET EVENING BAG *Left*

Materials : 2 ozs. Lee Target Clover Bouclé. Not quite ½ oz. of gold thread; 18-in. chiffon square; 2 cardboard circles 5½ ins. diameter; No. 9 crochet hook; 1½ yds. cord.

Making : Use wool double throughout. Make 6 chain and join into a circle with a slip stitch. Work 10 d.c. into circle. Now continue in rounds of d.c. inc. where necessary to keep circle flat. When circle measures 5½ ins. diameter break off wools. Reverse work and using gold work 1 d.c. into 1st hole, 3 d.c. into next alternately all round. Break off gold, turn work round again to work in original direction.

Upright sides of bag. Work all round in d.c., taking sts. through loops in previous *wool* round, thus leaving metal (*Continued on page* 46)



No green fingers required to produce this mass of flowers. Try our felt pictures (above and on opposite page). Directions on page 86

(*Continued from page* 45)

edge to stand out as a decoration. Continue in rounds of d.c. to a depth of 2¾ ins., dec. 3 times on each round evenly. Decreasings never come exactly on top of one another, otherwise work will not be smooth. Break off wools and repeat metal edge as before, then change back to wools and work as after first metal thread round. Next round : * Work 5 ch., then 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook ; rep. from * all round. Next round : * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch. loop ; rep. from * all round. Work 5 more rounds the same. Next round : as last 5 rounds, but with 4 instead of 5 ch. Next round : 4 d.c. into each loop all round. Make slots for cord in following round : 1 treble, 2 ch. alternately all round. Next round : 3 d.c. into each loop all round. Next round : d.c. into each d.c. of previous round. Last round : d.c. in metal thread.

To Make Up : Sew in ends. Fix cardboard inside with threads taken from side to side at right angles to one another. Fold chiffon into four, tack edges to prevent slipping. Place inside bag so that points will stick out at top. Stitch centre of each side of square for about 1½ ins. to inside of bag just below slots. Smooth down. Catch to base of bag inside at edge of circle below stitching. Sew lightly across chiffon at pointed corners below slots and at base. Thread cord through slots, going twice round ; knot free ends, pull up.

Pins and needles (*above*). To make this Welsh hat sewing aid. Cut two rounds of coloured felt three inches in diam. and two rounds of white flannel a little smaller. Cut a hole, thimble size, from centre of one felt piece. Cut straight piece of felt in contrasting colour, one inch wide and long enough to go round thimble. Sew this round the hole and join it up the side. Use circular bit cut out to make crown. Place two brims of hat together with flannel between and join one inch at back edge. Tie ribbon bow round crown for trimming, place thimble in crown and stick needles, pins, safety pins, etc., into the flannel

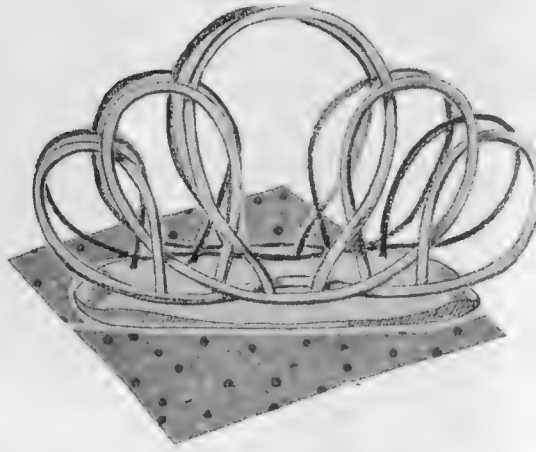
INDOOR GARDEN *Below left*

Paint a wooden tomato box in required colour. When dry line box with sheet of Polythene leaving a good lap over around top edge. Cover bottom with crocks or broken-up flower pots and three-quarters fill the box with John Innes Compost No. 1. The box is then ready to be planted with either flowering or house plants, or if at the right time of the year, flowering bulbs can be planted in between. Only established bulbs showing a green shoot should be used. Press the plants in firmly and fill the box to the top with the compost.

WOOLLY DOLL *Right*

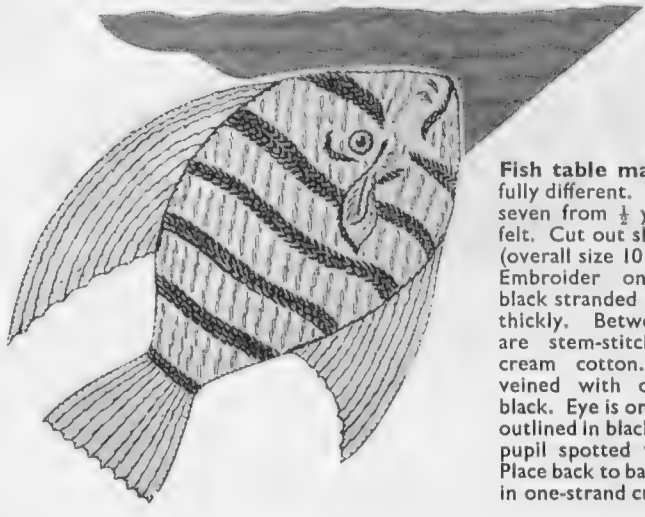
Wind 1 oz. of double knitting wool round piece of cardboard 8 in. high. Tie wool tightly at top through all strands, then again about 1½ in. below to make the face. Mark features with coloured silks. Tie wool again 2 in. down to make waist. Make arms by cutting off 10 strands on each side waist length and tie ends with ribbon. Cut wool along foot of cardboard.

(*Below*) A canework magazine rack which will hold a dozen magazines when canes are sprung open. Directions are given on page 86

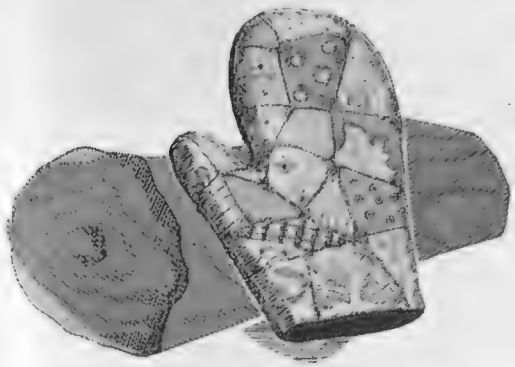


Add loops of yellow or light-brown wool on head to make a fringe and to hang down just below ribbon bonnet. To make Dutch bonnet, put ribbon over head and join to a straight back piece of ribbon. Add ribbon strings and tie under chin and stitch in place ; add sash at waist with bow and streamers at back.

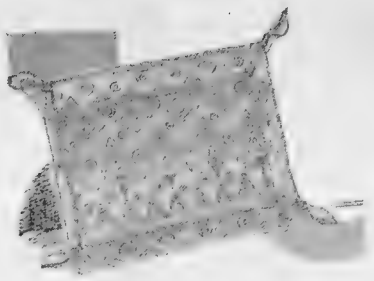
Indoor garden in a tomato box (see above) suggested plants are: Fatshedera Lizei Var, Tradescantia, Pilea Cadierei, Fuchsia and Succulents. Scatter coloured gravel on top for decoration



Fish table mats, delightfully different. You can get seven from ½ yd. of 72-in. felt. Cut out shape double (overall size 10 in. x 8 in.). Embroider one side in black stranded cotton used thickly. Between stripes are stem-stitch lines in cream cotton. Fins are veined with one - strand black. Eye is orange cotton outlined in black with black pupil spotted with white. Place back to back and seam in one-strand cream cotton



Patchwork coal mitt: cut two pieces of flat material for lining in shape of mitt, two inches larger all the way round. Now cut a piece of black velvet the same size. Make a piece of patchwork larger than lining pieces. Put the velvet and patchwork face to face and outside these one piece of lining each side. Machine round mitt shape. To tidy seam, cut off pieces of patchwork. Turn inside out. Turn in hem at cuff. Felt will do instead of patchwork



TRAVELLING TRAY *Above*

Cut 5 pieces of thin cardboard : one 6 in. by 8 in. ; two 1½ in. by 8 in. ; and two 1½ in. by 6 in. Cut 2 pieces of material 10½ in. by 12 in. Put the cardboard 6 in. by 8 in. between the two pieces of material in the exact centre. Machine four sides close to cardboard but continue line of stitches to each end of material. Now insert remaining pieces of cardboard into pockets so formed. The cards should not fit too tightly. Turn in edges. Sew hooks on sides so that when latter are folded up one corner is hooked to the other as in illustration.

Pussy flannel

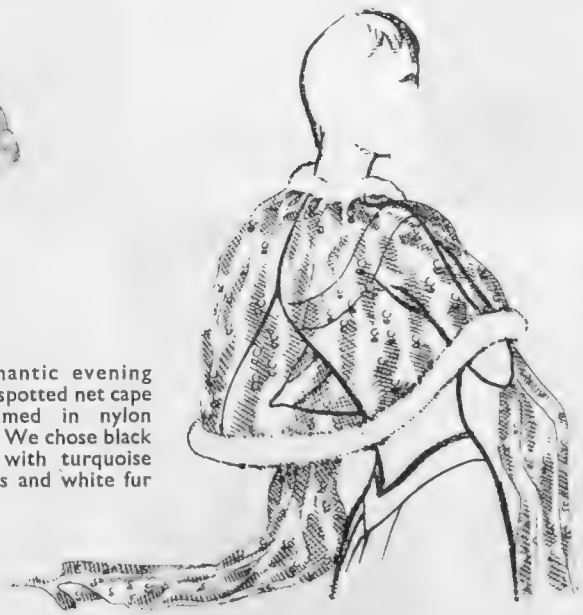
PUSSY FLANNEL *Left*

Cut 9-in. square of towelling and sew edge with small hem. Roll two sides to centre very tightly. Bend rolls almost in half and stitch them firmly with thread to form two humps with a little flat piece in middle. Cut little pieces of coloured felt : three-cornered pieces for ears, straight piece for tail and minute piece for nose. Stick in position with pins. Pin sequins for eyes and tie piece of ribbon round neck for a collar.

EVENING CAPE *Below*

You'll need 3 yd. spotted net 36 in. wide; 2½ yd. nylon fur, about 3 in. wide. Fold net in half lengthwise. Measure 30 in. up from each end and gather tightly across width. Measure 16 in. up each side above gathers along selvedges. Gather each section along open edge to about 12 in. Remaining 16 in. along open edge is for back of neck. Hollow out this section to about 1½ in. depth. Gather scooped edge to 6 in. and arrange fullness towards each side. Sew on nylon as a binding round the neck and outer edges.

Cut remaining piece in half. Form two bands by joining ends together and slip over hanging ends of cape to cover first lot of gathers. Stitch lightly in position.



Romantic evening —a spotted net cape trimmed in nylon fur. We chose black net with turquoise spots and white fur

TABLE STOOL *Below*

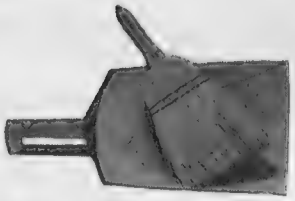
You can use this very modern piece of furniture as stool or side table. Materials : 3 metal 18-in. legs (6s. each, obtainable from Brianco, Ltd., 507 Hackney Rd., London, E.2); one piece of ½-in. faced plywood, about 18 in. by 12 in.

Mark lightly in pencil one 18-in. edge of wood as "front" and the other "back." On back edge measure in 1 in. from each end. Cut so that wood tapers slightly to back edge. Mark front corners round with compass, set to radius of 2 in. and back edges to 5 in. Cut corners roughly with saw.

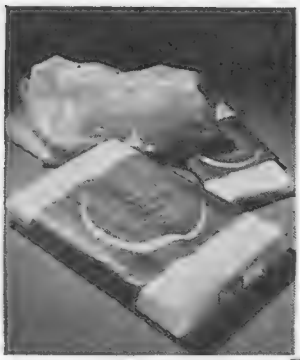
Smooth down with coarse sandpaper all round, tapering slightly towards underside. Glue and screw two legs 1 in. from edges at front corners; fix third leg 1 in. in from centre back. To finish off you should sand top and edges of wood until smooth. Polish with wax or linseed oil.

Made in a day for 25s.

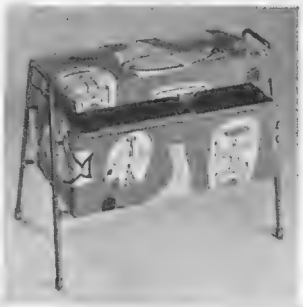
MARGARET SHARP



SHOPPING... *for* YOU



(*Above*) Colour to give even the oldest fireplace a contemporary look. An unusual broom in brilliant green or purple that brushes sideways, 15s.; hand-painted whisk and pan in orange and black, 39s. 6d.; a dashing wooden coal shovel painted blue and red, 37s. 6d. You can also hang them on the wall or pep up a dark corner. All from Liberty & Co., W.1



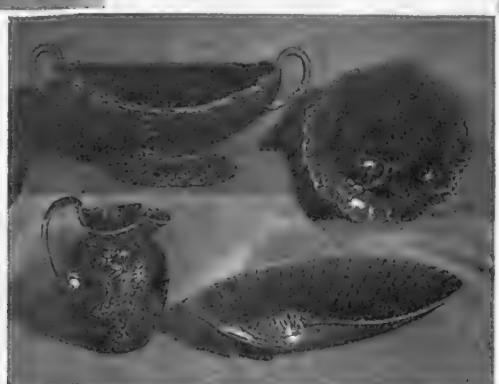
(*Left*) Space saver—a small and compact sewing box - cum - stool with Dunlopillo top. It has a lined fitted interior and comes in plain colours, but we liked the gay contemporary design. Price £5 19s. 6d. at Liberty & Co., W.1

(*Above*) Newest luxury—tailored "Petena" nylon sheets, easy to wash and need no ironing! Single bed size, two sheets and two pillow-cases, £11 16s.; double bed size, £14 16s.; at Robinson & Cleaver, W.1

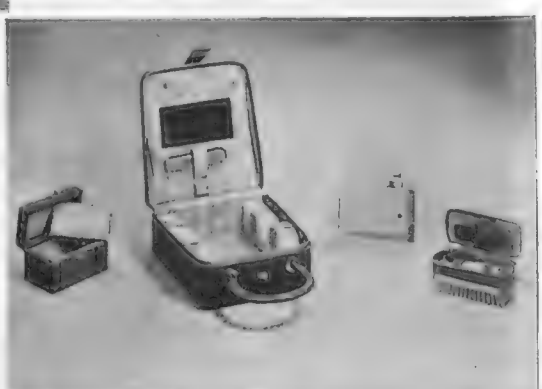
(*Right*) Free the insides of steam irons from corrosion and furring by using Elga Top-it-Up, a plastic bottle with blue resins which distil tap water. At all leading stores; price 6s. 6d.: refills 2s. 6d.

(*Above*) In a range of attractive colours, the Elga Rainbow electric kettle is scratch-resisting, untarnishable and has heat-insulated feet. Price £3 12s. 0d. from all leading department stores. (*Left*) This very decorative tripod flower stand is made of white painted metal, wrought in an angle design, standing on red globular feet. Price £1 5s. 6d. William Perring, London, W.8

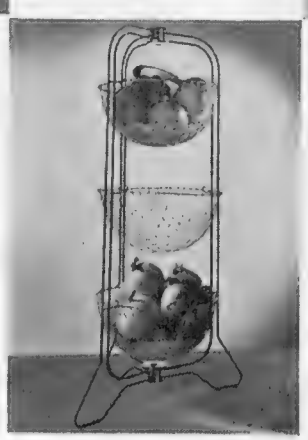
(*Left*) Jasper jewellery, recently introduced by Wedgwood, consists of brooches, rings, pendants and ear-rings, all set in silver. The cameos are the same as those originally designed for Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S., by such artists as Flaxman and Hackwood. The ring is 32s. 6d.; ear-rings £2 19s. 2d.; pendant chain, £1 10s. 11d.; upright oval brooch, £2 15s. 10d.; long oval cameo brooch, £3 0s. 5d.; round brooch, £2 17s. 2d, Wedgwood Rooms, and Selfridges, London, W.1



(*Left*) Designed to please—Wedgwood "Green Glaze" ware in a charming leaf motif. The Hackwood vine centre for fruit or flowers is 49s. 6d.; leaf-shaped plate, 4s. 6d.; jug, 15s.; shell-shaped comport, 30s. From all Wedgwood Rooms and Heals, London, W.1



(*Left*) Vesuviano coffee machine makes marvellous coffee by a steam and drip method. In various sizes, this one, for three cups, sells at £2 9s. 6d., from Liberty's, W 1. (*Right*) Collapsible vegetable rack which consists of three baskets. In red only, 23s. 6d. plus 1s. 6d. postage from Helen Andrew Shopping Service, 3 Melina Place, London, N.W.8



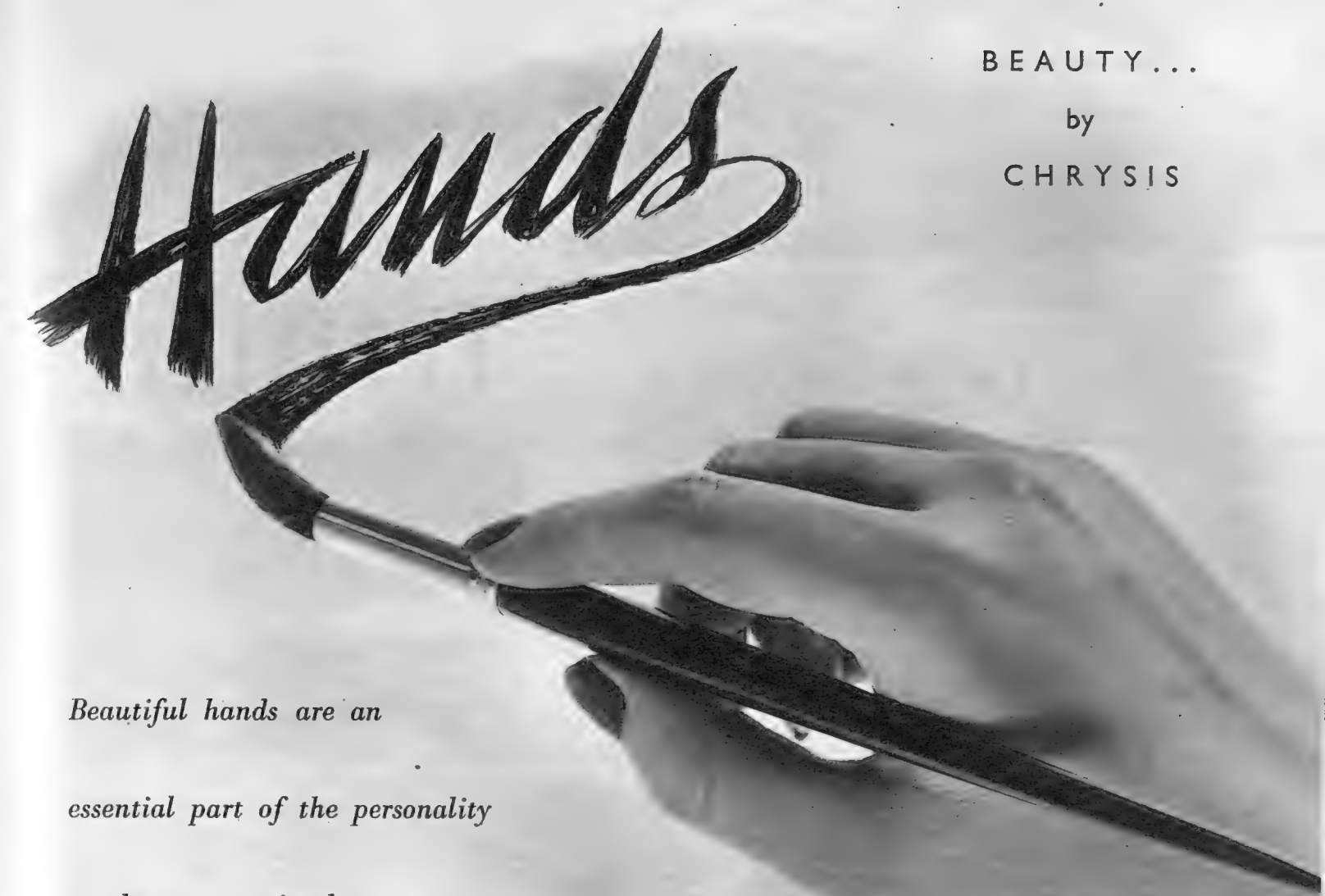
(*Above*) Ideal gifts for all members of the family. A tiny jewel case, shaped like a treasure chest in red morocco for 27s. 6d. Model girl type of handbag, fitted as a beauty case, is lined with moire, 6 gns. Spongeable leather cheque book case that slips easily into a handbag or pocket, 13s. 6d. A pigskin brush with a concealed shaving kit in the top, 38s. 6d. All from Russell & Bromley, London, W.1

BEAUTY...

by

CHRYSIS

Hands



Beautiful hands are an essential part of the personality as they unconsciously express the character of their owner

THE art of the beauty specialist can cover up many facial defects, but it is practically impossible to hide the hands. Whether they are employed in knitting, writing, washing-up or just idly doing nothing, their beauty, or otherwise, is always evident to the critical eyes of the observer.

Fortunately, no matter how hardly they may be treated hands respond quickly to regular treatment. Working hands as well as those employed solely in artistic exercise can be kept white, soft and smooth, providing a little care is expended on them.

There are four guiding rules which, if observed conscientiously, will ensure a degree of hand beauty which will be the envy of others. Washing must be carried out correctly; care must be taken to protect them from damage; the skin must be nourished frequently and they must be consciously exercised to produce suppleness.

Most women, through lack of domestic help, have to carry out household duties with frequent handling of rough and often dirty surfaces. Immersion in hot and cold water containing soap, cleaning powders and detergents (admirable and efficacious though they may be) exerts a bad influence on the skin, making it dry and taut by neutralizing the natural oils. Those with sensitive skins should avoid such strong aids as much as possible, relying on good soapflakes and powders. For hard water, borax is a very effective softener, and when used only a minimum of the other aid is necessary.

WHEN washing the hands the temperature of the water should be as near neutral as possible and a good quality super-fatted toilet soap should be used. Massage the hands with the lather from the tips of the fingers to well above the wrist. Rinse them quickly two or three times alternately in hot and then cold water, finishing with cold to close the pores. Pat them dry on a soft absorbent towel.

Use gloves on every possible occasion, strong canvas ones for dirty jobs like handling coal or other fuel, rubber ones for wet jobs such as washing-up, and a pair made of cotton for general household work. Incidentally, always use a stick or large wooden tongs for taking clothes out of hot water, (*Continued on page 70*)

what's the Latest

AN exciting new lipstick colour from Max Factor—Red Tape. Fashion right for the new autumn and winter shades, it has a vibrant ruby warmth. Available in two sizes—standard (in case) 6s. 8d. and new size (in case) 4s. 5d.

The accent is on eye make-up and to help you Elizabeth Arden has introduced Kohl, a velvety powder to outline your eyes. In four colours, Kohl comes in a black glass *flacon* with an applicator for easy use. Price 27s. 6d.

Champagne goes to your head . . . with Riche's latest shampoo. Really made with champagne, it takes out the "fluffiness" and leaves your hair bright and sparkling. Price 1s. a sachet (enough for a double-wash shampoo) and 3s. 6d. for a Family Magnum size

Vitapointe is a wonder cream for keeping your hair in shining good health. A little brushed all over the head helps to revitalize the scalp and bring natural beauty to the hair. What is more, you don't have to shampoo it first. Price 3s. 6d. a tube

The latest idea in perfumes is Coty Creamy Skin Perfume, a smooth lotion which spreads on your skin and is wonderfully long-lasting. In six delightful fragrances, including "Paris," it costs 12s. 6d. a half-ounce bottle

High speed and plenty of room in the new Jaguar 2·4-litre

MOTORING by

GWEN ROBYNS

The Inspiration is FEMININE

Bambino curves and fashion-conscious colours—the new M.G.

I AM not so sure that among the half-million or so people who visit the Motor Show at Earls Court there are not two ghosts fairly tickled pink with amusement. If they had been alive those indomitable feminists, Fanny and Emily Pankhurst, would have been happy women this week.

For throughout the Motor Show it is as plain as plain that we women are behind most of the new trends. As one dealer said to me: "Never before has the woman driver been so important—she knows what she wants and isn't satisfied till she gets it. And even if she doesn't drive you can bet your life that there is a woman behind most of the orders taken today."

Take the silhouette of the new cars. It is the wives and sweethearts who have brought about the new trend towards elegant, lean lines. Frankly, most of us are not too worried about what goes on under the bonnet of a car, but we do want it to look well.

It was the Italians who gave us the idea to wear black on the beach, who began the fisherman's knit craze and told us that brown skins look best with pale lips. I put it down to the sun, vino and romantic landscape that inspires the Italians to be the top designers in the world, whether it is coffee-pots or cars. Behind many of the lovely new body lines at the Show this year was an Italian set of blue prints.

Two striking examples in the sports cars are the new M.G.A.-type sports car and the 6-cylinder 2·4-litre Jaguar. Both are honeys of cars and I 'll bet my new acrilon sweater that they are a huge export success.

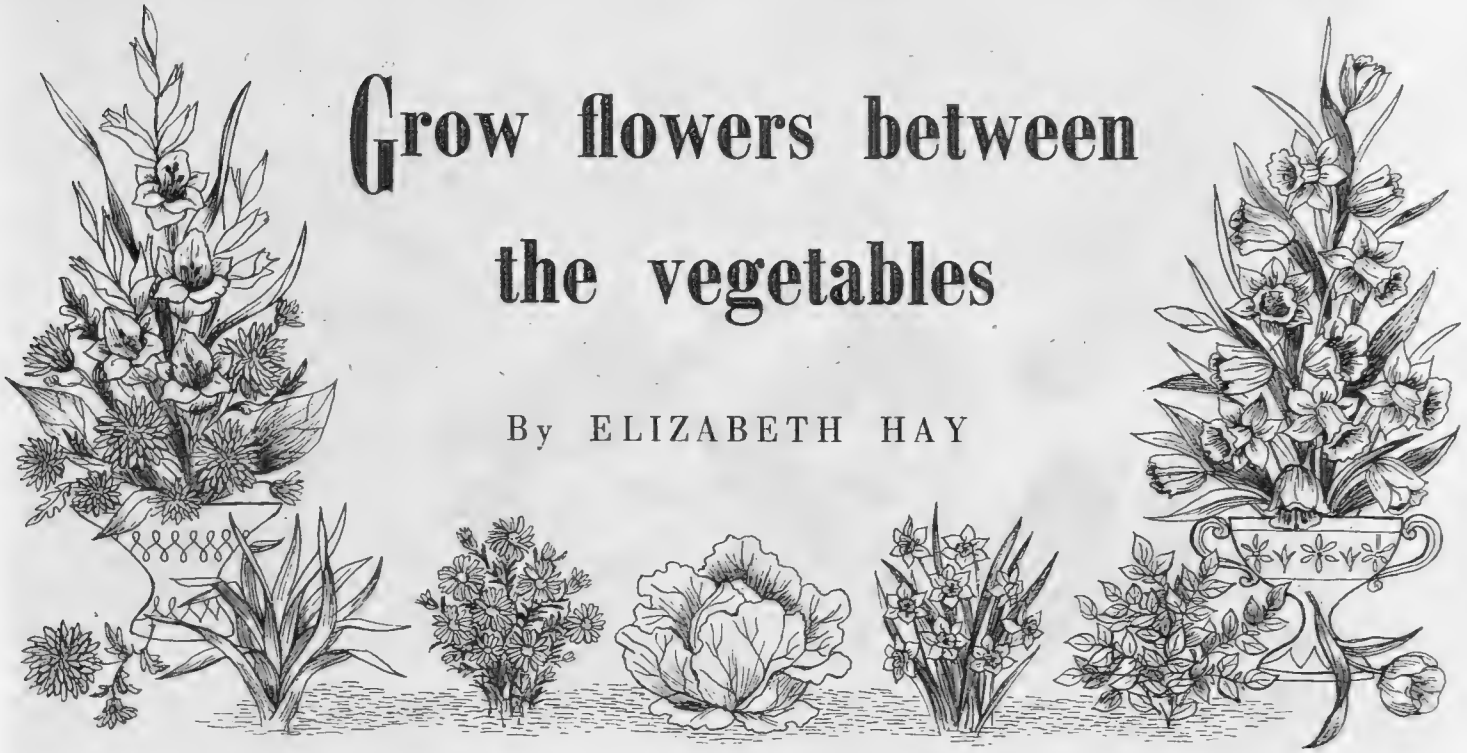
Until this week I had always thought of the M.G. as a male car. Despite its compactness, it belonged to the world of tweed caps and pipes. But now I have changed my mind. The 1956 model, with its bambino curves, is as right for Marilyn Monroe as for my giant of a husband. Breaking from tradition, it has something of the look of an Austin Healey now.

It is developed from the EX 812 prototypes which ran with success at Le Mans this year—so we know the performance is sparkling with an all-day cruising speed of 80 m.p.h. But the woman's influence is felt in the capacious luggage boot, which has been fitted for the first time and the new fashion-conscious colours. Just look at (*Continued on page 72*)

Top right: The Hillman Minx features the "gay look" in two-tone colour schemes. Pearl-grey and April-yellow is one example. Below this is the new Phase III. Standard Vanguard, and then a detail from the Vauxhall range: combined arm rests and door pulls. Bottom picture shows the new Squire Estate Car in the Ford programme

Grow flowers between the vegetables

By ELIZABETH HAY



DURING this rather sombre time of the year I like to look back over the gay summer months in our garden and try to decide what gave me most pleasure out of all the various plants and shrubs we have grown.

Old favourites always please, and now we have more space we are becoming more ambitious.

Some plants are expensive and though one dreams of a glade, a borderful or a striking group, one has to be content with a few here and there and gradually build up a collection.

Now I have fallen very much in love with lilies, which are not the cheapest of bulbs, but the few varieties we have grown have given me enormous pleasure.

These lovely orange, creamy-yellow, pink, mauve and white flowers bloom right through the summer months. They last well in the garden and as cut flowers have a longer life than almost anything else.

Lilies are easy to grow so long as you have a quick draining soil, and if their roots are kept cool in the shade of other plants many varieties do well in sunny positions, though light woodland suits others.

Lilium martagon, its mauve flowers spotted with purple, blooms in June and July. The sweet-scented white *L. regale* also flowers in July. The deep orange-yellow of *L. henryi* tower above the gladioli in August, while the dainty *L. speciosum* (white or pink, spotted with crimson and sweetly scented) carries on into September.

There are many others, and they should be planted this month, 4–6 ins. deep in well prepared soil with a mulch of manure or leaf mould in summer to keep the soil moist.

Try some lilies. I am sure you will never want to be without them.

I AM always torn between my love of flowers around the house and reluctance to deplete the borders when they are in full flower, but I think I have found the solution by planting flowers for cutting in the vegetable garden.

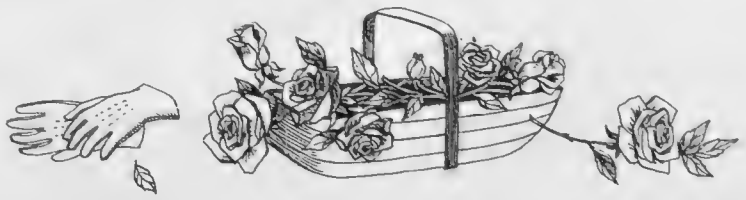
So far I have grown daffodils, tulips, anemones, sweet peas, marigolds, "everlasting" flowers, asters, gladioli, dahlias and chrysanthemums, sandwiched between rows of vegetables. This season I extended this to a flower border down the edge of the path. Now I want to devote a narrow strip at the end of the vegetable garden to perennials that are easy to grow and good for cutting. Here are a few that last well and give at least the nucleus of a flower arrangement. Pæonies, phlox, *Scabiosa caucasica*, gypsophila, erigerons, *Thalictrum dipterocarpum* and coreopsis. I shall certainly put in my usual collection of bulbs and annuals. A few silver-leaved plants are worth growing, because they are as showy in their way as flowers. There are also several shrubs worth growing for their foliage alone, such as *Rus cotinus* and the various forms of elæagnus.

I wonder if, like us, you have remembered to order new trees, shrubs and plants you want, intending to prepare places for them and then found they have arrived at the one weekend when you are going away; it is so tempting to put the bundle unopened in the shed or garage to be dealt with later, but so unwise. Take ten minutes to untie the bundle, dig a trench, spread their roots out in the trench, then pack the soil back; be sure the roots make a good contact with the soil and they will come to no harm.

WITH weather so uncertain in November—I am inclined to hurry through these planting jobs. Roy and I always try to do the tree and shrub planting together, partly because it is more fun and we keep each other up to scratch. He digs a nice big hole, drives in the stake to which the new tree has to be tied, and I put the tree in position, as far down as it has been growing before, spreading the roots out to fill the hole. Then back goes the soil, well pressed down among the roots, and firmly trodden in round the stem. Before the tree is tied to the stake it should have a protecting band of sacking round it to prevent the tie from cutting into the bark as the tree grows.

Do see that newly-planted trees and shrubs get plenty of water the following summer; afterwards the root system will be well established enough to reach out for its own water supply.

If you want a fine new climbing rose for a pergola or the side of a house, you may like the one we put in this year. It is quite new and the name is "Parade." It is a rich carmine-pink semi-double and flowers all through the summer, like Paul's Scarlet. One of its nicer characteristics is that it bears flowers all the way up the stem and not just on the higher branches.

Decoration by  *HELEN KIRBY*

Irresistible—tempting selection of home-made sweets attractively arrayed in rose-beribboned boxes will be received with real pleasure

make them some SWEETS

HAVE you noticed the number of furrowed brows around these days ? Possibly yours is one, and if so it is doubtless because of the Christmas present problem. Something *different*, you say wistfully ; *something personal*. Once again you scan the eternal list, and there 's nothing original on it. It 's always the same ; there 's nothing new. . . .

But there is ! With a sense of conscious merit, I am about to offer a solution to your problem. An attractive selection of home-made sweets, boxed in cellophane, and rose beribboned, will be received with real pleasure.

Equipment is simple. A porcelain-topped table or a marble slab, an aluminium saucepan, some wooden spoons, or, better still, a wooden spatula, some waxed paper. A thermometer is useful but not essential for simple sweet-making. Cellophane boxes, pink tissue-paper to line them, frilled sweet cases (obtainable from any stationers) and pink or tinsel ribbon. Apart from the ingredients, that is all you need, and the following recipes will enable you to make a pleasing and colourful assortment.

PEPPERMINT CREAMS

8 ounces sugar.
½ pint water.
2 ounces powdered gelatine.
½ teaspoon cream of tartar.
Peppermint essence.

Heat the water in a strong saucepan, stir in gelatine, sugar and cream of tartar. Bring to boiling point, then boil for about six minutes, or until a little dropped into cold water can be worked to a soft ball between the fingers. Remove from stove and cool till tepid. Then add a few drops of peppermint essence and beat vigorously with a wooden spoon till thick and creamy. Turn on to oiled slab or table and leave for a few minutes, when it will be pliable. Press flat with a palette knife, then cut into squares or rounds. Place on waxed paper and leave to set. You may then turn them into chocolate-coated mints by dipping them into melted chocolate, one by one. Place the chocolate creams on to waxed paper to set.

The basic fondant, without the peppermint essence, may be used to make orange or strawberry creams, using the appropriate essence and colouring.

COCONUT ICE

1½ cups sugar.
½ cup milk.
½ cup coconut.
½ teaspoon lemon or vanilla essence.
2 teaspoons butter.

Melt the butter, add the sugar and milk, stir till dissolved. Bring to the boil slowly, then boil for twelve minutes, or until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from the stove, add coconut and flavouring and when tepid beat with a wooden spoon till thick and creamy. Divide into two portions, colouring one pink with a little cochineal. Put into two buttered tins and mark into squares.

FUDGE

Small tin sweetened condensed milk.
1 ounce margarine.
¾ lb. brown sugar.
½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Put the milk, margarine and sugar into the saucepan and heat gently till sugar dissolves. On no account must it boil till then. Now bring to the boil and boil steadily for about six minutes, or until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Stir occasionally while boiling to prevent sticking. Remove from stove and beat hard with wooden spoon. As soon as it starts to granulate pour quickly into a greased tin. Leave till cold, then cut into squares.

GINGER AND PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE

2 cupfuls brown sugar.
½ cupful milk.
2 teaspoons peanut butter.
½ teaspoon ground ginger.

Put all together into saucepan. Bring to boil gently, then boil steadily till mixture forms (*Continued on page* 86)

Britannia and Eve's

VOGUE

PATTERN SERVICE

Paris-designed two-piece. The three-quarter sleeves of the coat can be worn below or pushed up above the elbow

ENSEMBLE *for the* PARTY SEASON

Our November pattern section brings you a wide choice of Christmas clothes to make for yourself, family, or friends, something for morning, noon and night—party ensemble, nightdress and peignoir, sporting shirt and blazer, and a skating outfit in preparation for winter sports.

Gay party dress (*above*) bespattered with life-size roses. The bodice dips slantways across the hips—a particularly graceful and flattering line. Can either be made sleeveless or with tiny sleeves. Make it in a fabric which has spring and delicacy—slipper satin, brocade or even chintz—printed, preferably, with detailed roses like those on old china. To wear over it, a matching coat, *above*, *right*, has the fashionable large collar, fastened with a single button, and three-quarter sleeves. The front has a wide sweep to accommodate the outward spring of the dress skirt.
Paris Original Model (Lanvin-Castillo) No. 1310; 8s. 6d.; bust size 30–36

For back views, fabric requirements and how-to-order information, see page 56

Lingerie's New Look

from DUSK

Nightwear is news! The ugly duckling of the lingerie world has been given top priority in the field of fashion. New materials, colours and styles have brought gaiety and glamour to nightwear. Banished for ever are the limp fabrics, insipid colours and dreary styles we know all too well

Nylon and terylene have revolutionized lingerie materials: both are crisp and need no ironing. The firmly-established plissés and seersuckers have now been joined by thistle-down-light cotton sheers, as fine as lawn yet tough, quick-drying and uncrushable, and embossed in feather designs or with miniature ripples

Colours, too, have forsaken traditional pale tones of the bedroom, especially in cotton. Spots, stripes, stars and the brighter hues are no longer the choice of teen-agers alone. Styles have reverted to the voluminous and picturesque, more reminiscent of a Jane Austen novel than a stark draper's window. The shortie nightie is gaining in popularity and the two camps, for and against, are now divided pretty evenly. The new styles mean glamour all the time. The négligée has left its champagne-and-caviar, trousseau-only rôle and more fittingly takes its place as complement to the nightdress.

On these pages we show, made from two adaptable patterns, a short or long nightdress, each with matching peignoir or dressing-gown

All garments on these two pages are Pattern 8448

Back views, fabric requirements and how-to-order information on page 56

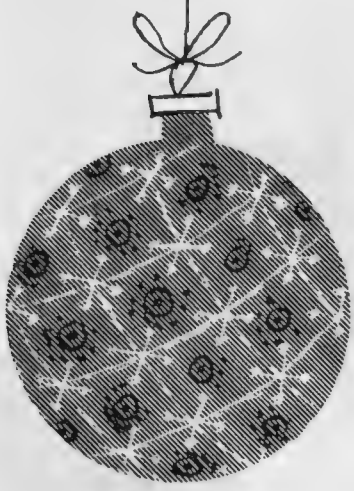
is Crisp and Captivating

...till DAWNING

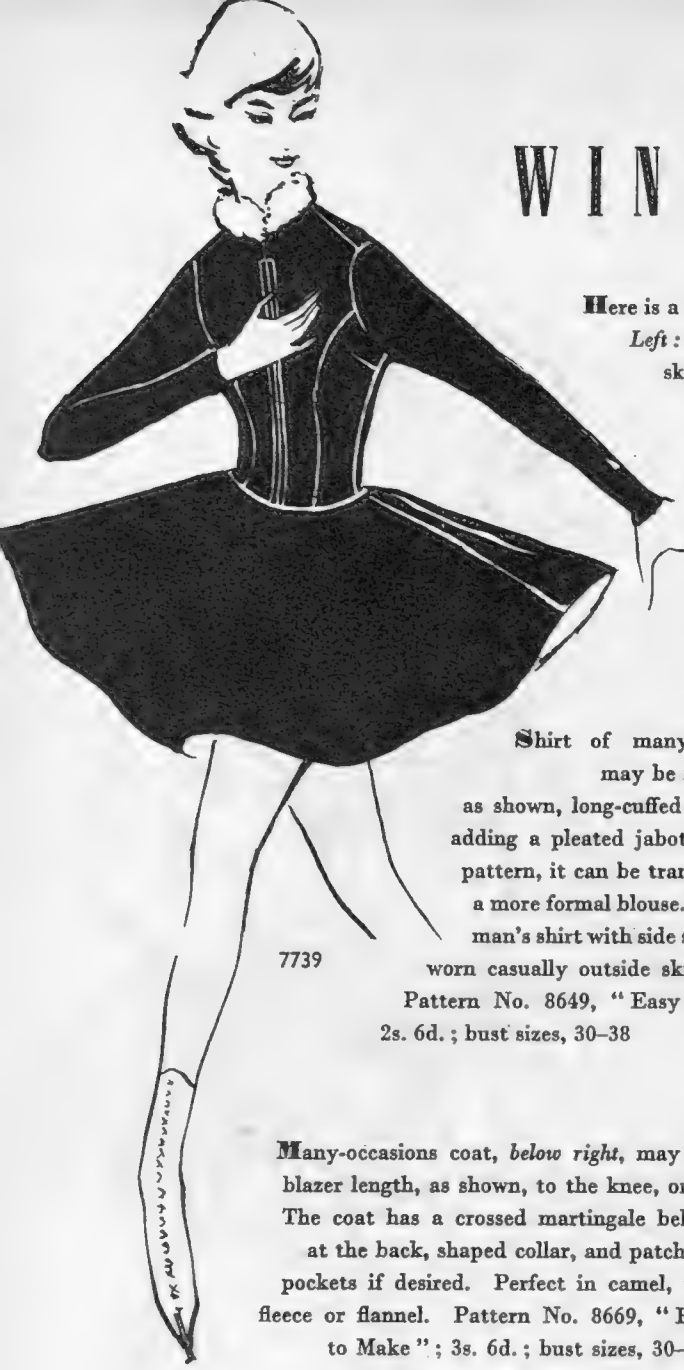
On the left-hand page is the full-length set, demure and dainty. The sleeveless nightgown has a Peter Pan collar and ribbon ties at neck and waist. The straight yoke may be made entirely of lace with bound armholes. The peignoir has a matching Peter Pan collar and yoke and falls straight from two tie-fastenings: the sleeves—three-quarter-length bishop

This page shows the short versions, pert and pretty. The nightdress has a camisole top, perhaps made of lace or broderie anglaise with a deep matching flounce at the hem. In a similar mood, the dressing-gown has short puff-sleeves which, together with collar and yoke, may also be made of broderie anglaise.

The four garments are included in Pattern No. 8448; 2s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–40



WINTER SPORT



7739

Here is a mixed bag for winter sports at home or abroad. *Left:* A two-piece skating dress with very full skirt and close-fitting jacket-blouse with a tiny fur mandarin collar. Panties to match the skirt lining are included in the pattern. Felt, corduroy, velveteen lined with silk or cotton are suitable materials. Colours: Black and white/red; black or blue/yellow. Pattern No. 7739, 3s. 6d.; bust sizes, 30–38

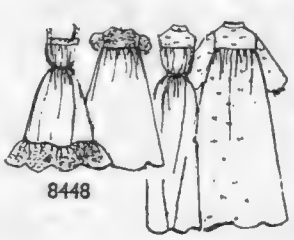
8649

Shirt of many characters, *right*, may be made with short or, as shown, long-cuffed sleeves. By adding a pleated jabot, also in the pattern, it can be transformed into a more formal blouse. Made like a man's shirt with side slits, it can be worn casually outside skirt or slacks. Pattern No. 8649, "Easy to Make"; 2s. 6d.; bust sizes, 30–38

Many-occasions coat, *below right*, may be made in blazer length, as shown, to the knee, or full-length. The coat has a crossed martingale belt placed low at the back, shaped collar, and patch pockets if desired. Perfect in camel, tweed, fleece or flannel. Pattern No. 8669, "Easy to Make"; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes, 30–40

8669

1310



8448

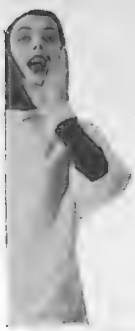
8669 8649 7739

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue Patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Evé, Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2. When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps—i.e., 32 in., 34 in., 36 in., etc.

****Fabric requirements** below for patterns in this issue are for size 34 in. bust only. *Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below.* Fabric widths on the market include 36 in., 42 in., 45 in., 48 in, and 54 in.

No.	Price	Page		Yards	Width
1310	8s. 6d.	53	Party dress (sleeveless) and coat	11⅛	39 in.
8448	2s. 6d.	54	Nightdress (full-length)	4¾	35 in.
		54	Peignoir („ „)	5½	39 in.
		55	Nightdress (short)	3⅝	35 in.
		55	Dressing gown (short)	3⅜	35 in.
7739	3s. 6d.	56	Two-piece skating dress	2¼ (for skirt/blouse)	54 in.
				2½ (for skirt lining and pantie)	39 in.
8649	2s. 6d.	56	Shirt-blouse	2⅜	39 in.
8669	3s. 6d.	56	Straight coat (short)	2¼	54 in.



Let's Go!

Ann York continues her informative winter sports article with suggestions of where to go in Norway, Yugoslavia, Switzerland and Spain

Zürs (above) is a delightful Austrian village on the western slopes of the Arlberg. Ski-ing here is over a wide range of country, lasting well into May, and skating and ski-joring are added attractions

The most southern of Swiss resorts. Zermatt (left), is excellent for family holidays. There is also a particularly good curling rink—some of the big competitions take place there—and a first-class sunshine record. The season lasts until spring

Pastels are favourite for ski blouses this year—the pinks and blues and lilacs of shadows on the snow. This one, reversible, with drawstring waist and slanting zip pockets, is an example of the styles in original Grenfell cloth available at Harrods and Lillywhites

Photographs by J. Allan Cash

(*Continued from page* 32)

Hinterstein is a favourite village for family parties. There is no ski-lift but ski-ing starts practically on everyone's doorstep.

Norway has come forward this year with a really sporting offer. This is a fourteen-day holiday for between £25 and £30, depending on the resort chosen. The charge covers all travelling, hotel accommodation, with all meals, tips, ski instruction and limited personal and baggage insurance. There is a choice of six resorts and the new Bergen Line S.S. Leda leaves Newcastle Mondays and Thursdays for Bergen. This is a really wonderful opportunity for the younger and tougher members of the community to learn to ski and have a jolly time with the hospitable Norwegians.

We're always being told that there is not enough adventure in life these days so here are two suggestions for winter sports which are just that little bit different.

The Lapplandia Tourist Hotel, Riksgrensen can be reached by train in twenty-four hours from Stockholm—there is no motor road. Here you can experience the novelty of ski-ing twenty-four hours a day if you wish by the light of the Midnight Sun with reindeer accompaniment!

Tetovo, situated roughly between the Albanian and Greek frontiers in Yugoslavia, is well off the beaten track, but it is known to French and Austrian skiers and is full of gay young people every season. There is much good ski-ing round Sarajevo and at Jahorina where the international slalom contest takes place. Kranjska Jora almost on the Austrian frontier has good ski-lifts and the Vrsic Pass down which you can ski. This is a remote place of haunting beauty unique in Europe.

Here is a suggestion for those who like their winter sports combined with the attractions of a capital city. Navacerrada, forty-five miles north of Madrid, has excellent ski-ing from the end of December to March. It takes about an hour and a half to reach the ski slopes from Madrid.

Switzerland has been almost a home from home for us ever since the ski was taken there from Norway and winter sports were organized. St. Moritz still retains its prestige and amongst the smaller places Villars is deservedly popular.

Photograph Camera Press

WAYS *and* MEANS

Whatever your mode of travel—train, boat or aeroplane—

Ann York tells you how to get there

IF you are not an experienced traveller and are, maybe, taking your first winter sports holiday, do consult a good travel agent and let him work out a route for you. The Tourist Offices of the various countries organizing winter sports programmes will be pleased to give you advice and information but they will not make bookings or reservations.

You must have a valid passport and a spare passport-type photograph to attach to the season ticket you will probably buy for using ski-lifts, hoists, etc. For travel in Germany, Spain and Yugoslavia you will require a visa which may take a few days to obtain. At the time of going to press, all adults in the United Kingdom are allowed £100 (£250 for Scandinavia) in foreign currency a year, and children under twelve years old, £70. The cost of your travel tickets, sleeper and meals *en route* is not extracted from this allowance; vouchers for meals on trains should be bought at the same time as your tickets.

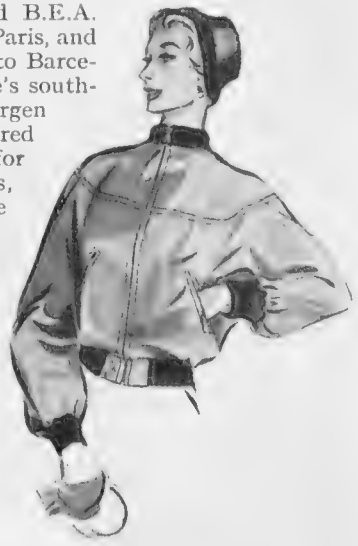
Roughly speaking, second class rail and boat fares work out at about the same price as tourist air fares. Snacks and light meals are mostly included in air fares. Train fares are cheaper than air fares until you begin to count the cost of sleepers and meals; also it is easier to spend money in trains and on stations!

In December, B.E.A. are flying three exceptionally reasonable excursion flights which will be of great help to all skiers who wish to get somewhere in the shortest possible time and at no great expense. These will be: London to Basle, £18 19s.; London to Geneva, £18; and London to Zurich, £20 2s. All the fares quoted are return fares and tickets are valid for twenty-three days. Excursions will also be run from the principal provincial cities, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, etc. The other air lines, K.L.M., Air France, Swissair, Sabina, etc., will also run special flights during the winter sports season.

Trento is the pivot from which the Italian resorts are reached by local train and motor coach. Trento is reached by coach from Milan to which there is a regular air service, also the Simplon-Orient Express from Paris stops there and at Verona. From here a local train runs to Trento. Coaches and trains from Zurich, Munich and Innsbruck also run to Trento. The big expresses which connect at Ostend and the Hook of Holland with boats from Dover and Harwich run down through Germany to the Swiss resorts and there are connections at Munich for Trento and Bolzano via Innsbruck. The Arlberg Express runs from Calais via Paris, Basle, Zurich, Innsbruck and Saltzburg to Vienna.

The Sapphire Express (second class only) connects at Ostend with the boat from Dover and runs through to Cologne with connections for Ulm and Munich. From these two centres local trains connect with all the German resorts. The Tauren Express runs from Ostend through Brussels, Cologne, Stuttgart, Badgastein and on through Villach to Yugoslavia. The Simplon-Orient Express also runs through to Yugoslavia via Venice.

Yugoslav air lines connect with Geneva and Zurich, Scandinavia and Spain are well catered for by their own air lines and B.E.A. The Madrid Express runs from Paris, and you may travel from that city to Barcelona too, via Cerbère on France's south-west frontier. Ships of the Bergen Steamship Company and the Fred Olsen Line leave Newcastle for Norway Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The Swedish-Lloyd Line sails between London (Tilbury) and Stockholm.



THIS Grenfell cloth blouse, in mushroom pink with black ribbing, and other colours, is available from Harrods and Lillywhites.

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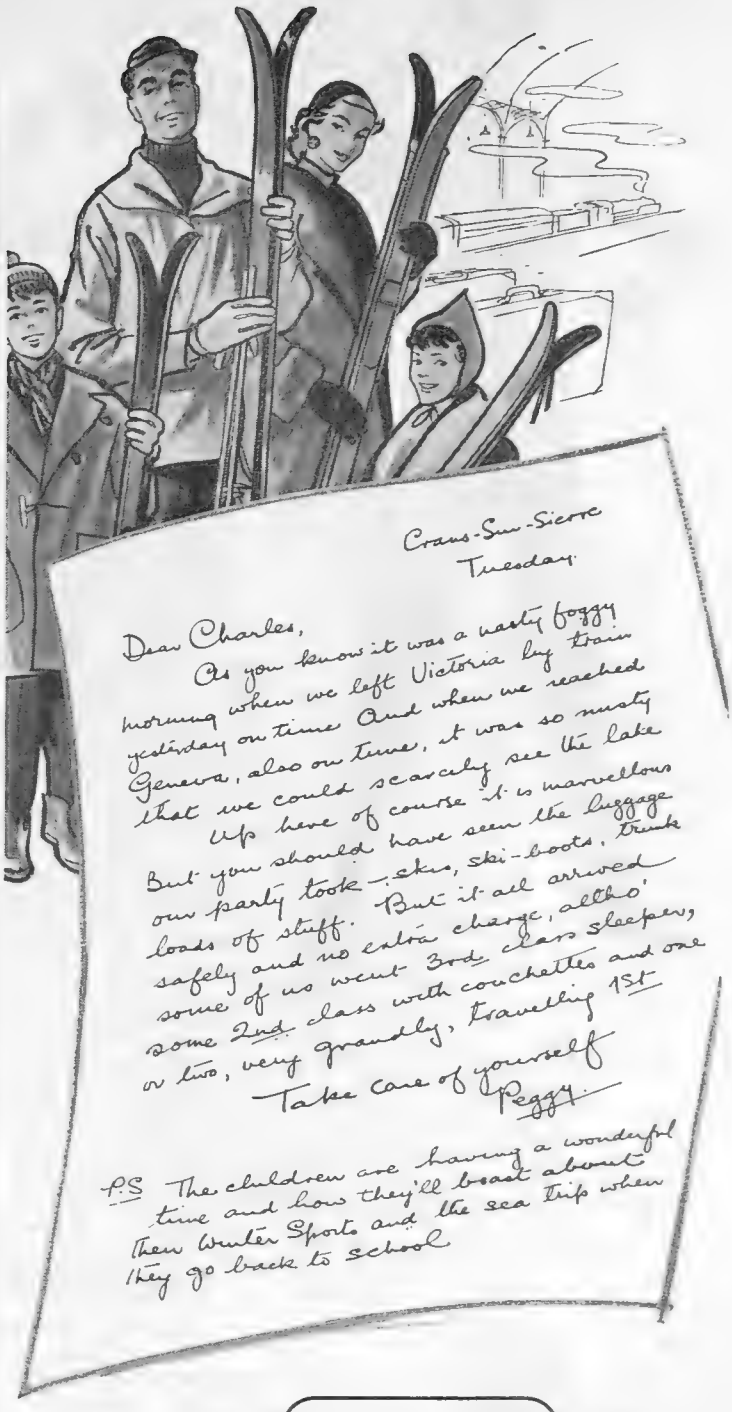

Crans-Sur-Sierre
Tuesday

Dear Charles,

As you know it was a nasty foggy morning when we left Victoria by train yesterday on time. And when we reached Geneva, also on time, it was so misty that we could scarcely see the lake. Up here of course it is marvellous. But you should have seen the luggage our party took—skis, ski-boots, trunks loads of stuff. But it all arrived safely and no extra charge, altho' some of us went 3rd class sleeper, some 2nd class with couchettes and one or two, very grandly, travelling 1st.

Take care of yourself

Peggy

P.S. The children are having a wonderful time and how they'll boast about their Winter Sports and the sea trip when they go back to school

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Direct services to all Winter Sports centres in Switzerland, France and Austria.
Noticeably reduced terms for parties of 10 or more.

Services and fares from principal Travel Agencies or the Continental Enquiry Office, VICTORIA STATION, LONDON, S.W.1 or BRITISH RAILWAYS TRAVEL CENTRE, LOWER REGENT STREET, S.W.1

Snow maidens

Glistening slopes and air like champagne. Besides the play proper, there are the pleasant etceteras—food, drink, dancing, good fellowship and, most of all, exciting clothes

Complete ski outfit: mustard yellow ski cap in ribbed wool with peak, £1 9s. 6d.; unbreakable nylon sun/ski glasses, 17s. 6d.; jerkin with ribbed sleeves, collar and waist, proofed bodice, £6 19s. 6d.; matching wool gloves with leather palms, £1 10s.; Vorlages in elasticated nylon crêpe, 10 gns; Regency ski boots, £5 10s.; ski socks, 15s. Lillywhites, Piccadilly, London

IF you are embarking on your first winter sports holiday, do wear the right clothes. You can, if you wish, hire your sports clothes along with your skis and sticks before you leave Britain. If, however, you are prepared to spend about £25 or so you can buy all the special clothing you will need abroad.

Here is a list of the "musts," and please be gay when you do your shopping. It is rather like going to the Riviera; bright, clear colours should be worn against that white background. Have a holiday from the blacks, greys and browns of your winter wardrobe!

You cannot ski in comfort unless you wear "Vorlages", those proofed slacks designed and elasticated to give you warmth and freedom. Then you must have an "Anorak" or "Parka" proofed windjacket and two pairs (one will be always drying) of oiled wool ski socks. One pair of mitts in horse hide or Paramatta gauntlets. Long, fine wool underpants—cherry is a good colour for these, it even looks warm! but may be natural or pale pink if you wish. A ski vest to match the pants with deep ribbing to the waist. A wool hood or balaklava; something warm which must cover the ears. Some Parkas have hoods attached. Sun goggles or dark glasses and a pair of really well-fitting ski boots.

You may already have the essential additions to this list; first, a really thick sweater to wear under your Parka and a thinner sweater to wear under the thick one when required. Under your mitts you will wear silk gloves and under your ski socks thin socks.

Woollen shirt blouses can be worn instead of thin sweaters or indoors with slacks or skirts, a pair of thick woollen gloves out of doors when not ski-ing, and wool-lined rubber-soled bootees for ordinary walking, with a long jacket lined with fur fabric or a duffle coat. A comfy pair of heelless slippers are worn indoors to rest the feet after the heavy ski boots.

Evening will be gay and informal; take a full skirt, and any blouses or tops you have, providing they are not too décolleté or of flimsy materials. A woollen stole or a gay cardigan may be useful.

Norwegians are masters in the designing of gay bold knitwear: the hefty sweater above in navy and white is £7 17s. 6d. at Harrods. Luis Ebster, of St. Anton, famous Austrian tailor, now cuts all ski trousers at Harrods: these "Vorlages" are 9½ gns. in standard cloth; in Swiss Bilgeri, 15 gns.; made to measure, 15 gns. and 20 gns.

The long line has been adopted by skaters also. This sweater is in a close, zig-zag knit, the collar lined with black, £9 19s. 6d. The immensely full black felt skirt is piped with pink to match the jersey, £2 5s. Both from Harrods. To prevent sunburn use Savory and Moore's Glacier Cream (Green Label) which, being non-greasy, is also an effective foundation

A ski blouse with a hood, *right*, of Wyncol (cotton and nylon mixture). Nylon lined, in yellow, red, green, royal, ice, fawn, and navy. About 8 gns. Wool and nylon trousers, about 6 gns. Both by Howard Flint, at Gordon Lowe, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Lumleys, Glasgow; Jenners, Edinburgh

Illustrations by ELIZABETH SUTER

Alaska
B fitting in black or sand suede; B and D fittings in brown suede **79/9.** Also B fitting in mahogany smooth leather **99/9**

The 'abominable **snowboot'** for abominable weather

Don't wear them all winter through. *That's abominable.* *Do* wear pretty shoes as often as you can. *That's fashionable.* Then when your bones ache in the sharp-pointed frost, luxuriate in the deep, warm comfort, in the thick, soft sheepskin of Clark's Igloos. *That's sensible.*

It's warmer inside the sheepskin inside

Sorcery
Black or brown suede **69/9**

Pola
Brown or black suede; also mariner grey suede/grey speckled collar **69/9**

Northflight
Grey, brown or black suede **59/9.** Also brown or black smooth leather **69/9**

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IGLOOS

Nearest shop?
write CLARKS, Dept. A.7, Street, Somerset.
—and ask for a style leaflet.

The Flying Moment (*Continued from page 38*)

man in their lives, a rod to lean upon, a patient consultant for a silly woman. Jill was nothing more than a dear little complication to be consulted about. It was almost surprising that they did not make her call him Uncle Richard.

She lay with her slim brown body soaking in a hot bath and her thoughts turned to him. His face was so dearly remembered, so unchangeably known and loved, handsome and wise and kind. He was a spare, fine person. His smile, his voice, his hands—there was nothing about him that she did not separately and altogether adore. And to him she was Mrs. Blair's young tomboy daughter.

WITH the yellow dress she put on a delicate mask of make-up, and swept her hair to the top of her head. It seemed now less telling, even a little absurd and out of character, but hope still whispered that the contrast between this Jill and the Jill of the garden meeting might score a special point. Perhaps, if that could be true, Richard's too-early arrival was not a disaster. Dabbing herself lavishly with jasmine scent—jasmine, for the mystery of a summer evening—she smiled at her reflection. This, she informed herself with some degree of complacance, will shake him.

It did, to some extent.

"Dear me," he said when she floated into the drawing-room. "I thought you were somebody else."

"Who else should I be?" Her voice was very cool, faintly amused.

"I don't know. You look very grown-up."

"Since I *am* grown-up, that's hardly surprising."

He laughed at her. Kindly, gently, but still he laughed.

"I wonder why you've done your hair like that," said Mrs. Blair. "It's really most unbecoming." She patted her own curls and adjusted an ear-ring. She was never still for a moment, never satisfied with the exact arrangement of her furbelows.

Richard gallantly contradicted her. "Oh, but I think it's charming. I think it's great fun."

He laughed again, but Jill did not laugh with him. She had always liked laughing with him but this wasn't meant to be a joke. Fun was not the word she would have chosen, nor the word she would have wished him to choose.

"I'd like some sherry, please." She sat down with her daffodil skirt spread about her and let Richard bring her a glass. Taking it from him she felt that she was behaving affectedly. Normally she would have poured it for herself, and she doubted whether imperiousness suited her. She doubted everything, even wondering if the jasmine perfume were not sickly and synthetic.

At the dinner table she was purposely subdued, afraid that a chattering tongue might betray her into schoolgirlish excesses. In any event Mrs. Blair talked so much that an occasional comment was enough, and such comments were uttered rather acidly in the hope that they sounded sophisticated like that. She could think only of the possibility that Richard might like a stroll in the garden later, and that Mrs. Blair might wish to avoid the chill and the dew, and that there would be wavering moonlight over the sea and the scent of flowers—including jasmine, which was naturally not in bloom except upon herself.

AND when they were drinking coffee, Guy Francis called. Guy lived nearby and was at home on holiday, and his parents bored him. Probably he bored his parents, being a pompous and opinionated young man, and it suited them all that he should indulge in after-dinner visiting and bore somebody else. Mrs. Blair, who liked almost any kind of visitor, had a soft spot for him. "Such nice people," she murmured to Richard, as if his family credentials were important. Jill received him with a sinking heart, and wondered why he stared at her so, and then remembered what she looked like.

He went on staring, even while he was giving them the benefit of his opinions. He offered Jill cigarettes every ten minutes and asked her twice if she was in a draught. Jill saw her mother cast a simpering look at Richard in recognition of these unusual attentions, and felt herself growing pink. Guy called Richard "sir" every time he spoke to him, thus grouping the company.

"It's very warm in here, isn't it?" he said, after a brief lecture on atomic warfare which he had perhaps found heating. "What about taking a turn in the garden, Jill?"

Jill felt that this hardly marched with his concern for draughts.

"I think it's a bit chilly," she excused herself.

"You could get a wrap."

Mrs. Blair rallied to his support.

"Of course you could—just something round your shoulders. Look, here's my scarf. I brought it down in case."

It sounded ridiculously as if she had brought it in case Guy Francis should call and invite Jill into the garden. She held it out and Guy placed it tenderly about Jill's shoulders. It was mauve silk and looked pretty over the yellow dress. As she stepped reluctantly through the french window Jill intercepted another profoundly understanding look from her mother towards Richard.

"Honestly," said Guy, pacing the grass with Jill, "you're jolly pretty tonight. *Honestly.*"

He seemed anxious to assure her of his seriousness. It was not necessary, since she had never known him to be anything but profoundly serious.

"How gratifying," Jill said demurely.

"I'd never have thought," he said, "that you had it in you."

His intention seemed to be entirely complimentary. She was a little irritated and yet, at the same time, reassured. She looked away from him, over the silvered sea, and let herself imagine for a moment that it was not Guy Francis who stood at her side and extolled her prettiness. At least, she thought, he said my hair was charming, even if he did add that it was fun.

"Your hair looks nice like that." It was not possible to pretend that Guy was anyone but Guy.

"I'm glad you like it."

"If we weren't so near the house I'd probably kiss you."

She looked at him in astonishment.

"Do you only kiss people when you're far from the haunts of men?"

It did really strike her as a point of some interest, purely academic.

"Is that a challenge?"

IT wasn't, but since he had uttered the word he was in honour bound to prove himself. She shut her eyes and pretended — but no, that pretence was beyond achievement. It was Guy who kissed her, and it didn't help. It made her hair untidy, too.

"Of course I've been in love with masses of girls." It did not seem to her particularly relevant, but he made it sound weighty and important. "Absolute masses," he added with slow emphasis, so that she had a vision of Guy's past loves lying in abandoned heaps.

"How disturbing," she said, "to think of all those broken hearts. Let's go in."

"I must be getting home," he said. "I couldn't go on making polite conversation to your mother and your uncle after what's happened."

She drew the mauve scarf tightly about her, and shivered.

"He's not my uncle, and nothing has happened."

"*Ah!*" he said, almost playfully for him, and followed her into the house to say his grave good nights and give them his personal and detailed weather forecast before setting out upon his homeward journey. Jill caught sight of her disarranged hair in a mirror and glimpsed an amused look from Richard.

She thought: perhaps Guy has his uses. A girl who is obviously admired must have something. When she drew her curtains apart she saw the glow of Richard's cigar in the garden below. He communed with the moon and drank the scent of sleeping flowers alone. A year or two ago she would have called out to him. Now only her heart called: Richard, Richard, look up at me and love me. But he only looked at the moonshine on the sea.

NEXT day she wore a swirling skirt patterned with poppies, a black jumper and a necklace of bristling coral. Her hair was upswept again and again the peach-bloom mask covered her skin. She thought that Richard looked at her over his breakfast coffee-cup in a considering way, but she was overwhelmed and self-conscious and could not meet his gaze clearly enough to read it. She stared past him and out of the window, her chin tilted, hoping that he received an impression of exquisite ease and poise.

After breakfast he said, from the drawing-room window: "Here comes your boy friend," and she looked up from her cigarette expecting the advent of Guy in his new ardour. She did not have to decide whether she were gratified or annoyed by such attentiveness, because it was not Guy but Benny who entered the garden.

"Are you coming down to the beach, Jill? I was going to look for a mussel with a pearl in it."

It seemed much longer ago than yesterday that she and Benny had been sea-urchins together. She smiled at him and shook her head. "Not today, Benny."

He pressed his lips together and looked dejectedly into his bucket. He did not plead or argue at all.

"Oh, all right. I suppose you couldn't, in those clothes." He pattered down to the gate again.

"Poor little chap," said Richard, watching the resigned and lonely back of the mussel-gatherer.

"He'll be all right," said Jill. "It's a pity he has no children to play with, but he's used to amusing himself. What would you like to do today?"

He stared out over the sea.

"Me? Oh, nothing much. I'm at your mother's disposal; problems of investment and tangles of income tax are going to be laid before me. It usually takes a long time. Don't worry about my entertainment."

He moved back into the room and smiled at her.

"If I didn't have to face all those papers I'd have liked nothing better than looking for a mussel with a pearl in it."

Although Benny had been first in the field Guy was no laggard. He presented himself soon afterwards and persuaded Jill to drive into the nearest town with him. Again his admiration was half irritant and half balm. Once under Guy's escort it was not easy to escape from him, particularly while they were on wheels and miles slipped by with the minutes. When it was obvious that they would be very late for lunch she consented to take it with him in a self-styled luxury hotel where the decorations were lavish and the food indifferent, and thought all the time of Richard in the dining-room at home.

"I always believe," said Guy, despatching his tough meat with every sign of satisfaction, "in going to the best places. Of course they're expensive, but you do get something for your money. There's a hotel I'd like to take you to. . . ." He gave her quite an impressive list of the hotels he would like to take her to; all, apparently, very fine and large. He swept her on an imaginary grand tour of the five-star places, and she thought of the magic there might be in a little lost inn with Richard.

When they reached home Richard was not there. There was a flatness about such a home-coming which was cruel, because his approaching nearness had buoyed her through the impatient miles of the afternoon. House and garden had a chilling emptiness although she could hear Mrs. Blair moving in her own room and the domestic (*Continued on page 74*)

Red band

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Blue band

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for Special Occasions and Evening Splendour. Sheerest of sheer nylons, delicate, alluring, utterly luxurious.

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Ballito colour-banding is your guide to good dressing. In the shop, in your drawer, you can choose at a glance the right stocking to suit the occasion. But it's good sense too, for nylons wisely worn mean nylons lasting longer. And Ballito, as you know, are famed for their beautiful quality and ankle-clinging fit.

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fashion-keyed nylons

How to wear Red

REDS AND PINKS ARE IN FASHION and everyone—even redheads!—can wear them. The secret: choose a lipstick that carries *your* colouring into the colour you wear. Choose *Pond's* lipstick because you want your lips to be soft, enchanting, because you know it is fashion's perfect finishing touch to your clothes and colouring. This is the way:

BLONDE Choose clear, true reds, avoid *very* bright reds if you're very fair. You look lovely in poppy red with Pond's "Rascal Red" lipstick. Pinky reds need Pond's "Ever So Red" for soft, dreamy loveliness.

BRUNETTE All soft reds and plum reds suit you—but avoid very hard blue-reds. Aim for *warmth* and wear Pond's "Ever So Red" lipstick. Use orange reds only as accessories, with dashing Pond's "Honey" lipstick.

REDHEAD Red for redheads is new. Clear pinky reds with Pond's "Dreamy Pink" lipstick for a misty, young look; rusty autumn reds with Pond's "Honey" for the real dashing redhead look!

VERY DARK Wear dramatic reds—flame colours with Pond's "Rascal Red," deep cyclamen with Pond's "Dither," pale orchid with vibrant Pond's "Dark Secret."

All colour types: wear Pond's "Natural" for a soft un-made-up look.

What a beautiful lipstick!

This glamorous handbag accessory is your Pond's Lipstick in its sleek gold swivel-action case. What could be smarter? A most exciting buy for a mere 5/-! Refills 2/9. Also in small size at 1/6.

POND'S Lipstick

STAYS ON AND ON AND ON

Neither Fish Nor Fowl

(*Continued from page 19*

standing in the doorway and all mothers, she supposed, must want to feel proud of their children.

The Doctor tousled Emily's brown hair and his wife bade her run in to play with Harriet. But Emily heard her say in a puzzled sort of way, "Now if it had been needlework—or scripture. . . . But why *history* of all things, John?"

"Why not, my love?" enquired John Lavery, drawing on his driving gloves.

"Well, I mean—Barn End Lane. It seems so *odd*."

Later on, when Harriet and Emily came in from their play in the garden, Mrs. Lavery spread out the new party dress on her daughter's bed. Emily always loved to be invited into the dainty white room so different from her own humble attic, and it never occurred to her to envy her friend's pretty things. But today after admiring the muslin frills and pink shoulder bows, she turned rather wistfully to her hostess. "Do you think Miss Elaine—her Ladyship—might come and give away the prizes, Mrs. Lavery? Seeing she was once Miss Markham's best pupil, I mean. . . ."

"I understand Miss Markham *did* venture to ask her," answered the Doctor's wife, hating to disappoint her. "But although Lady Hardacre is kindness itself, for some reason or other she never seems to come into the village now when visiting at the Hall."

"Perhaps she doesn't like to leave her children," suggested Harriet, whose mothering heart still cherished a family of dolls.

"I'm afraid she has none," smiled Mrs. Lavery, putting a tender arm about her own. "It must be a great grief to her."

"I wish I lived here always!" sighed Emily, when she and her friend were alone again. "At least, p'raps I don't really," she corrected herself, remembering Gran's homely kitchen and the exciting games with Bill Applecombe, the blacksmith's son, around the spark-lit forge. "But I do wish I had a mother!"

"But your Granny is quite kind, isn't she?" asked Harriet, giving the problem her grave young attention.

"Yes, of course. But she does not kiss me—or put her arm round me like your mother did just now—as if I specially belonged. Harriet, do you suppose it makes me—somehow peculiar—not having a mother?"

"Of course not, Emily. Susan Bell hasn't one either."

"Not now. But she can remember."

"We all remember Mrs. Bell quite well," agreed Harriet. "Coming to church and shopping in the village."

"And Sue must remember her pouring out tea and moving about the house. Sue must remember how it felt to be kissed 'good night'." Suddenly Emily swung round, "It *is* different!" she asserted passionately. "You wouldn't understand. But there's something empty—*here*—if you've never had one."

Harriet, dismayed, put a comforting arm about her. "But you *must* have had one, Emily," she assured her. "Everybody has. Papa says we couldn't get born else. Mrs. Sprigget must have been your mother's mother."

"Then why doesn't she ever talk about her? Or show me things that belonged to her?"

"Maybe it makes her sad," said Harriet, and coaxed her friend downstairs to give the tabby kitten his saucer of milk.

But that evening, when it was time for Emily to go to the Rectory to say over her catechism, the shadow of her parentless state still lay upon her. With freshly brushed hair and shining face she set out from Barn End Lane, ignoring the shouts of cronies playing pirates on the village pond, and tapped on the familiar study door. Inside were books and pictures and deep leather-covered chairs worn to an inviting shabbiness by much unburdening of parishioners' joys and shames and sorrows. And at the desk by the window sat the beloved Rector himself. "Why, it's Emily," he said, laying down his pen.

"Please, sir, you said particularly I was to come each Friday," she reminded him.

"Ah, yes, of course. Your catechism. Well, come over here and let's hear it," he invited.

With hands dutifully clasped behind her back, she got off to a good start. "My duty to my neighbour is to love him as myself. . . ."

"And to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me," the Rector prompted gently, when her clear young voice came to a halt.

But it was not prompting that Emily needed. "Please, sir, what *is* my state of life?" she inquired earnestly.

"It means the kind of life into which we are born. The people we are friendly with and the kind of work we have to do. And trying to be useful and content in it."

"What Granny calls 'Knowing your place'?"

"Well, yes, dear child. Something like that. Only, of course, one's place may change. For instance, if it should please God to call me to be a bishop," replied the Rector with a twinkle in his eye.

"I think perhaps God has forgotten to give me a state," Emily tried to explain. "You see, sir, sometimes I play with Harriet Lavery and sometimes with Bill Applecombe. Harriet invites me to tea and the Hall invites Harriet. But the Hall wouldn't invite me no more'n they'd invite Bill."

Staggered by this spate of incontrovertible logic, the Reverend Septimus Spendlove began polishing his glasses in order to gain time. He had hoped that enlightenment would not come so soon. "You are growing fast, Emily, and I can understand how these things are beginning to confuse you," he said gently. "So perhaps it is time to explain."

Emily drew nearer and waited breathlessly.

"There was some money put aside for you," he told her, choosing his words carefully. "That is why you do not go to the village school."

"I don't want the money!" declared Emily, astonishing the good parson by her violence.

"When you are sixteen you may feel differently," he assured her with a smile. "And one day you may even come to understand how this belonging to two different states of life can enrich your character. You see, child, because you have no parents to stand behind you when you go out into the world it is all the more important that you should know the meaning of your catechism and learn to depend upon the love of God."

Emily looked up into his face with grateful affection. "Then that is why you bother with me specially?"

"I am getting to be an old man, Emily, but as long as I am alive I want you to come to me whenever you are in difficulty or doubt. If you should leave the village I want you to write to me sometimes, and however busy I am I will answer. You see, I promised your mother at a time when she was in very great trouble that I would never lose sight of you."

Emily's eyes were bright as stars. Her mother had thought for her and loved her. She had planned for her perhaps in this very room. A dozen eager questions were raising to her lips, but the Rector bade her run along to his housekeeper's room. "You are a special favourite of hers and she has been baking spiced cakes," he told her.

The next day, being Saturday, there was no school, and Emily scoured the corners of the cottage which were difficult for her grandmother's rheumaticky knees. "This morning I really will ask her about my mother," she kept thinking; but somehow the words would not come. And she found herself spending her Saturday penny at the little sweet shop with Bill and it was he who suggested they didn't need to ask her Gran about her mother, for all they had to do was to look in the churchyard.

They searched among solid square tombs but although there were rows of Spriggets, they found no Greens at all and when Emily reached home she was scolded for the sticky clay on her boots.

"You've been up to some mischief with that young varmint Bill (*Continued on page 66*)

NEXT MONTH

in our

Christmas

issue

GIFT SHOW-WINDOW

To make your Christmas shopping a pleasure—pages of photographs of gifts picked from the best the shops have to offer. There is something that is different for every member of the family no matter what age.

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. . . *Yes, full of woe—bad patch of the month, I'm afraid.*

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Neither Fish Nor Fowl

Applecombe, I'll be bound," exclaimed Gran, who laid every dubious escapade at his door.

"We were only in the churchyard."

"The churchyard! In the name of common sense, whatever for?"

"Just—looking for something."

Agatha Sprigget gave her a queer, searching glance, opened her mouth as if she were about to say something, then changed her mind and sent her off with a kindly little push to fetch the evening milk. She knew that the child enjoyed going up to Sprigget's farm where Uncle Seth let her fondle the new born calves and his cheery, childless wife often gave her a bowl of fruit and cream.

After a graveyard the farm kitchen looked particularly homely and comfortable. And Aunt Polly looked comfortable, too, as if one could tell her anything. "My mother isn't buried here in Meadowbridge," said Emily, spooning up strawberries.

Busy Mrs. Seth Sprigget stopped short with a dish of home-cured ham in her hands. "What makes you say that?" she asked.

"Because Bill an' me've been looking. What was her baptismal name, Aunt Polly?"

"I've not been long married into the family," answered her aunt evasively.

"Though I should have thought you would ha' known her *name*," sighed Emily, laying down her spoon and carrying her plate to the sink. "Perhaps they moved away and she's buried somewhere else. Up at High Paston over the water perhaps. Maybe I could walk as far as that——"

For some reason or other Aunt Polly set down the ham and hugged her. "I shouldn't do that, Em. S'pose I ask your uncle about it one o' these days. But now you'd best be off or Gran'll be wanting that milk."

EMILY felt happier as she recrossed the stockyard. Aunt Polly had not been able to help her, but she was a grown-up person and she had promised to talk to Uncle Seth. Singing gaily, Emily went skipping down the road swinging a milk jug in either hand. "All things bright and beautiful," she sang, until the two jugs met with a crash and broke.

Open-mouthed with consternation, she watched a cascade of creamy milk gush down the front of her dress and mix with the dust upon her boots. Instead of painted roses on the sides of the jugs there were now two gaping holes. How could she face Gran?

With lagging steps she plodded homeward, she passed the forge and turned into Barn End Lane and there, to her amazement, stood an elegant barouche, its glossy polish almost dazzling in the sunlight. Trying to hide the broken jugs from the coachman's amused stare, Emily edged past the carriage so closely that her small nose almost rubbed against the crest painted on the door—a proud stag's head, she noticed, like the carved stone one above the Hall gates. So it must be one of Sir Guy Davlon's carriages. But what was Squire doing in Barn End Lane?

She tiptoed up the path, hoping to slip into the kitchen and change her milk soaked dress. But the kitchen door was shut, and voices were coming from the parlour.

She stood hesitant by the half open door. By craning her neck a little she could see a tall lady in black with a face rather like a thoroughbred horse, and a bit of Gran's back as she stood by the round polished table. She could hear the lady's crisp voice saying: "The money will go on being paid regularly. Our lawyer will see to that. I am sure it must have been a help to you all these years."

And then Gran's voice, respectful and yet somehow quite self-possessed. "I have always tried to do my best for her, Ma'am."

"But you do not spoil her, I hope?"

"Sometimes, Ma'am, I fear I am too severe with the lass, having had naught but the bringing up of sons." Could it be possible that now there was a hint of laughter—of remorseful tenderness even—in Gran's voice? And what was it that she was saying? That she had never had a daughter? Emily's heart began to beat as if she had been racing across the village green. But almost at once it was stilled by a third voice—low and musical and kind—asking if she, (*Continued on page* 68)

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Φ 30

Emily, were happy. A voice belonging to someone whom she could not see.

"Why should she not be?" asked the tall lady in the black fringed dolman. "The place is clean and Mrs. Sprigget a discreet, God-fearing woman. Surely you give me credit for making careful inquiries in the first instance when we placed your—your unfortunate friend's child here?"

"You were goodness itself at that time, Aunt Agnes."

"Well, now that you have insisted upon assuring yourself that it is so, let us be going, Lord Hardacre and your father will be wondering where we are."

"Let us at least stay until—until. . . ."

Emily simply had to see the lady who had hoped that she was happy and who did not sound very happy herself. Incautiously, she crept forward so that she could see right into the room. And immediately she knew that the beautiful lady sitting on the hard, slippery sofa was "Miss Elaine." Emily would have known her anywhere because of the portrait.

"My dear niece, it would be most unwise—for all concerned," the older lady was saying, gathering up sunshade and reticule.

"But there she is!" exclaimed the younger one.

Too late, Emily realized that her curiosity had betrayed her. Gran, too, had turned and seen her. "Emily! Your dress and boots!" she cried, flustered at last. Contrite and scarlet, Emily stood with a broken jug in either hand. She had shamed Gran before the gentry.

"Miss Markham will tell you that the child has a clean dress every other day," Mrs. Sprigget was assuring them.

"She has blue eyes," observed the younger lady, as if that mattered more than anything.

"Of course, my good Mrs. Spirgget, we understand that the girl has been naughty. She has got into rough ways, no doubt," allowed the older one, getting up in a hurry to be gone.

"It be that young Bill Applecombe up to the forge," muttered Gran.

Not knowing what to do Emily set down the broken jugs on the table and the tall lady produced some silver from her reticule and laid it beside them. The careless breakage was paid for. "We must go at once," she said. "My brother is giving a children's party."

But her niece had not stirred from the shiny sofa. "Could we not invite—Emily? After all, that *she*—of all of them. . . ."

But Miss Davlon only glared at her, "Elaine, you must be mad!" she hissed.

Gran went to the door with her and to the waiting carriage, and the Squire's sister was so occupied in manoeuvring her stiff crinoline down the garden path between the spikey lavender borders that she did not turn to see if her niece were following.,

Grateful as she was, Emily felt that if her "Miss Elaine" offered her money she would die. There were things which she wanted so much more. And suddenly her Ladyship smiled at her. "Do you like this boy Bill very much?" she asked, just as if they two had all day to stay in the quiet little room.

Without removing her adoring gaze, Emily nodded dumbly.

"And—your and Granny Sprigget doesn't like your playing with him?"

"It's Miss Markham, too. She likes me to play with Harriet Lavery."

"I am sure that any child of Doctor Lavery's must be a lovely friend for you. But sometimes we can't help it, can we? Liking someone very much when older people think very—unsuitable?" Miss Elaine's voice trailed away so softly for a moment or two that it was almost as if she were talking to herself; and then she asked: "Are you afraid you will be forbidden to play with him any more?"

But Emily did not think Gran would do that. She remembered how kind Gran's voice had sounded. And she would probably take her into Bridgetown on the carrier's cart and let her help spend the two silver pieces. "After all, I did break her jug," she said, prompted by a circuitous form of justice.

"And you won the history prize, I hear."

The lady had thrown back her veil and her eyes, blue as Emily's own, were bright with pride. She put out a slim, inviting hand and took the girl's sunburned one. "Please remember always that I am very proud of you," she whispered. "And when you grow up and really love someone, whatever people may say, never put pride of place or money or anything before your own generous heart!" And then, impulsively, she pulled the child against her own heart and held her there passionately—neither with the cool kindness of Gran nor the boisterous affection of Aunt Polly, but with a love primitive and possessive, sharpened by approaching loss. So that Emily knew at last what it felt like to be held as Bill's mother had held him the day the bull got loose. And nobody would ever be able to take the memory from her.

Her own warm arms would have responded passionately. But the past was past and Elaine Hardacre was not quite such a fool as that. She had both husband and father to consider, and a gallant brother home from the wars. Already her thoughts projected themselves towards the gracious home where she must play hostess to other people's happy children. Gently, firmly, she released the loving hands, averting her face to hide her tears. She pulled down her veil and was gone.

Emily made no attempt to follow her. She heard the soft swish of her skirts and then the sharp flurry of a carriage starting in the rutted lane and stood there, with closed eyes, gathering the wealth of remembering to her heart. Holding it, in every precious detail, against the unknown years.

She no longer envied Harriet or Sue or Bill, and when she went out to play, she would never feel different any more.

END

November Books (*Continued from page 39*)

I wonder she did not include Marie Alphonsine Duplessis in her ten, for both history and legend have endorsed the fascination of the Paris courtesan who inspired the younger Dumas' *La Dame aux Camélias* and Verdi's Violetta of *La Traviata*. Frances Winwar novelizes her *affaire* with Liszt ("Monsieur Leets") in **"The Last Love Of Camille"** (Redman, 12s. 6d.), and though we are told this was the only real love of her life, she rushed off secretly to London on the crest of it to marry the persistent Vicomte Edouard de Perrégaux. The style fits the subject, for it is as heightened as the consumptive flush on Alphonsine's wan cheeks which precipitated her tragic end.

Another real-life novel—Charles Gorham's **"The Gold Of Their Bodies"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.)—is about Gauguin, the banker, stockbroker and Sunday painter who forewent career, wife and family to become a dedicated artist and live and die in the South Seas. Mr. Gorham sticks closer to biographical facts than Maugham did in *The Moon And Sixpence*, but here, too, the temptation to heighten—especially in the conjectural dialogue—seems to have been too strong to resist, and some of the gold is gilt. Nevertheless, it is an outstanding story.

Evelyn Anthony's **"Far Fly The Eagles"** (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.) is also about people who lived: the Romanov Czar Alexander 1, Napoleon whom he helped to defeat, and the women in their lives. This completes a trilogy of which *Imperial Highness* and *Curse Not The King* formed part: a notable achievement in historical novelizing.

A new novel by the author of *Testament* is an event, for R. C. Hutchinson is too scrupulous a novelist to over-produce, and his appearances are rare. **"The Stepmother"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) is a secretary who marries her Civil Service employer, a widower, and finds she has to cope with both his and his young son's obsession in the dead wife, and the son's entanglement with a hard little blonde whom he means to marry. He doesn't love her, but he had been compelled to shoot her husband, a brother-officer, for refusing an order on active service. No stepmother, even in Victorian fiction, had a harder fight. Mr. Hutchinson's sure grasp of character steers this one to a satisfying conclusion.

Anything but satisfying in its tragic implications is the conclusion (and opening) of Nigel Balchin's **"The Fall Of The Sparrow"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), for his focal character, Jason Pellew, is in the dock for fraud. As the judge points out, he had every advantage: was the son of a distinguished general, went to public school and Cambridge, held the King's Commission and won an M.C. in the war, had friends who helped him. But the narrator, a physiologist who has known him from boyhood, discloses the truth behind the legal fact: that his father was a bully who went mad, school and Cambridge were for him a nursery of vice and eccentricity, his gallant war exploits left him a nervous wreck, his fine "friends" and the girl he married were mostly worthless. He is, in essence, a foredoomed, pathological criminal, presented with a skill as masterly as Mr. Balchin's at his best.

The 1935 Jubilee weekend, with London *en fête*, seems a strange time for an archaeologist's hunt for a lovely sculptor's model who left him ten years previously, but March Cost makes an idealized fantasy of the quest and its outcome in **"By The Angel, Islington"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.). Linked with her is a missing clue to a rare find, the mediaeval Vaucluse Angel with a broken-off hand which held—what significant symbol? Between this Angel, the Islington one, and the elusive Andra (also angelic in her progression from home-helping and charring to prayer) we have an unusual, compelling story told with Miss Cost's narrative sweep.

Phyllis Bottome's **"Belated Reckoning"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) revives three early long-shorts from out-of-print limbo: worthily, for they are written with a fine romantic ardour. The title-one takes a Bournemouth-staid spinster to Sicily with her brother and his American wife, to find under the Mediterranean sun compensation for her belief that "There isn't much fun in being good if you have only *had* to be!"

D. E. Stevenson's **"Amberwell"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is one of those fine old ancestral homes which mould the sons and daughters who grow up in them with almost human compulsion. Five react to it in varying ways in this cultured, spacious family story, with grandchildren to grace its fountained lawn at the end.

Two U.S. novels have strong emotional drama: Helena Frost's **"They Walk In Darkness"** (Faber, 15s.) tells in tough, staccato, film script style of a family's reactions to a husband-and-father who vanishes after the war, is traced to Capri, and duly returns to America to contact the one daughter he cares for.

Much more rationally written, with clean, sharp, expert construction, is David Stacton's psychological thriller **"A Fox Inside"** (Faber, 15s.) in which a young wife of San Francisco's snobby suburbia, who may be implicated in her husband's murder, calls on a Los Angeles lawyer who once loved her to get her out of a panicky situation. Socially he was an outsider, but now he is her only hope; and he does not fail her.

Also recommended: **"Collector's Choice"** by Ethel LeVane and J. Paul Getty is a delightful excursion into the world of art. (W. H. Allen, 18s.) **"Sister Cecilia,"** as told by the author to William Brinkley, is the fascinating story of a nun's escape from tyranny. (Longmans Green, 12s. 6d.) **"The Jealous Mistress,"** by Paul Elbogen, set in Paris at the beginning of the century, tells the tale of a genius of painting. (Redman, 12s. 6d.) **"Miss Mitford And Mr. Harness,"** by Caroline M. Duncan Jones. (S.P.C.K., 12s. 6d.) **"Discovering Embroidery,"** by Winsome Douglass (Mills and Boon, 10s. 6d.) **"October 43,"** by Aage Bertelsen (Museum Press, 12s. 6d.) **"The Swell Yokel,"** by Philip Lindsay (Hutchinson, 15s.) **"Overdraft On Glory,"** by James Helvick (T. V. Boardman and Co., 12s. 6d.) **"The Inheritors,"** by William Golding (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.) **"The Garden Of Cahmohn,"** by Rene Ray (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.)

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Hands

(*Continued from page 49*)

instead of immersing the hands. If you don't like wearing rubber gloves there are some very effective barrier creams available which you rub well into your hands before beginning wet or dry work..

Keep a tube or pot of non-greasy cream in the kitchen and bathroom using it every time your hands have been in water. Develop this practice until it becomes a habit, for the result is worth the little trouble involved.

For cracks or chaps rub in plenty of a nourishing hand cream at night time, wearing a thin pair of cotton gloves during sleep to protect the bed and night clothes from the grease.

In cold weather, a warm olive oil bath is very beneficial. Warm the oil in a saucer or other shallow vessel and then massage the hands all over, gently pushing back the cuticles. Follow this by placing a small pad of cotton wool soaked in the oil on the tips of the fingers and thumbs and then cover the hands in warmed cotton gloves. Let them stay like this for about fifteen minutes to allow the skin to soak up the rejuvenating oil. Wash clean in fairly hot water and good soap, dry thoroughly and then massage again with a rich hand cream.

Hard, dry cuticles can be softened with good cuticle oil but on no account try to free them until the oil has done its work or ragged ends will be the result. Always file your nails in the same direction using an emery board if they are brittle, as this helps to strengthen the growth.

Beautiful hands are an essential part of the personality, expressing the character of their owner to a remarkable degree, so they are worth that little attention which, if carried out regularly, soon becomes a habit and actually takes up very little time. No shame need be felt or excuse made for working hands, if they have been well cared for, for they can be just as expressive as others more expensively preserved, belonging to those who have no necessity to use them for anything but their art or profession.

END

Let It Freeze

(*Continued from page 40*)

COLLAR

With right side facing, and 4 No. 13 needles, pick up 36 sts. over right shoulder, k. 36 from stitch-holder, pick up 36 over left shoulder and k. 28 sts. from front stitch-holder (136 sts.). Work 4½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

BOLERO BACK

Cast on 108 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work 4 rows in b.-rib. Continue in b.-rib and inc. 1 st. at both ends of next and every row until there are 164 sts. At the beg. of the following rows : cast on 4 sts. 12 times, 6 sts. 12 times and 12 sts. twice (308 sts.). Work straight for 48 rows.

Shape Shoulder and Neck. 1st row.—B.-rib 145, cast off 18, b.-rib to end.

2nd row.—B.-rib 143, k. 2 tog. Slip remaining sts. on to stitch-holder.

3rd row.—K. 2 tog., b.-rib to end.

4th row.—Cast off 4, b.-rib to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Rep. the last 2 rows twice.

9th row.—K. 2 tog., b.-rib to end.

10th row.—Cast off 6, b.-rib to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Rep. last 2 rows 9 times.

29th row.—K. 2 tog., b.-rib to end (45 sts.).

Cast off 15 sts. at sleeve edge of work 3 times.

Rejoin wool at neck edge of remaining 145 sts., and work to correspond, reversing shapings.

FRONTS (2)

Cast on 12 sts. with No. 11 needles.

1st row.—B.-rib 11 sts., k. twice into last st.

2nd row.—K. twice into first st., b.-rib to end. Rep. these 2 rows once.

5th row.—Inc. 1 st. at both ends of this and every row until there are 72 sts.

33rd row.—Cast on 4 sts., b.-rib to end.

34th row.—B.-rib. Rep. the last 2 rows 5 times (96 sts.).

45th row.—Cast on 6, b.-rib to end.

46th row.—B.-rib. Rep. last 2 rows 5 times (132 sts.).

57th row.—Cast on 12, b.-rib to end.

58th row.—B.-rib (144 sts.). Work straight 24 rows.

83rd row.—B.-rib to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

84th row.—B.-rib. Rep. last 2 rows 14 times.

113th row.—Cast off 4, b.-rib to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

114th row.—B.-rib. Rep. last 2 rows twice.

119th row.—Cast off 6, b.-rib to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

120th row.—B.-rib. Rep. last 2 rows 8 times.

137th row.—Cast off 6, b.-rib to end (45 sts.).

138th row.—B.-rib. Cast off 15 sts. at sleeve edge 3 times.

Work second front to correspond, reversing shapings.

CUFFS

Cast on 20 sts. with No. 13 needles. Work 8 ins. in garter-stitch (k. every row). Cast off.

NECKBAND

Cast on 20 sts. with No. 13 needles. Work in garter-stitch until band is long enough to border fronts, neck and lower edge, allowing for easing at the corners.

TO MAKE UP

Jumper. Join underarm seams.

Bolero. Join shoulder and underarm seams. Sew on cuffs, with join at underarm seam. Attach band evenly to front edges, joining neatly at side seams. Press garments well on wrong side under a damp cloth.

END

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The Last Dance (*Continued from page 30*)

under a number at all. They both looked up together, hands linked, but the card with eleven was farther over. Number three was announced. Under eleven a couple shook their heads in laughing disappointment. The woman, dark-haired, vivacious, glanced across. The lights dimmed again and they were lost among others.

"That was your wife?"

"Yes."

"She is very pretty."

She was glad that his wife was pretty; this pleased her also. The swirling, rushing waltz made her feel light-headed, a little giddy. The support of his hand on her back was sure. She was aware of it as acutely as if every chord in her being was attuned to that particular spot. It was absurd that no one else knew.

"You will come here again?"

"I might. I don't expect so. I don't go out very often."

"Your eyes are shining."

"Are they?" She did not mind. "I can't help it!"

"Promise you won't try."

"Yes, I promise."

They were halted again. "Thirty-two," the loudspeakers blared. "Thirtee-two. . . ."

"Oh quick!—that's *us*!"

She was panic stricken that they would be too late, tugging at his hand. But smiling, he held her. Couples were turning inwards towards them, moving aside to admit a tall man in a dinner jacket who glanced briskly up at the number, nodded vigorously, and shook their hands. He handed her the prize with congratulations buried in applause. It was a toy Koala bear, soft and woolly; bright glass eyes and a black impudent nose. She held it in the crook of her arm as they danced.

"Look after her," he said to the Koala, "won't you?"

"It's adorable. I'll never part with it, never."

"Are you on the phone?"

"No. We've had our name down for ages."

"We could write."

"Would it be wise?"

"No," he said.

The waltz ended, spinning. He left her at her table with the others, her friends. One dance she sat out, showing off her prize, finishing her drink. When the band started she got up to meet him, to avoid the difficulty of introductions, names.

"Where's the Koala?" he asked.

"Waiting for me. So are the others. This must be the last dance, I'm afraid."

"Do you mind?"

"Not really."

"I mind," he said.

She withdrew a little with a quick urgency, so that she could see his face.

"You mustn't," she said. "Please."

"Shall I give you my office address. It would be very simple."

"No . . . please. This has been a wonderful evening. Let's not spoil it. You see I want . . . to be able to remember."

"You are right," he said, "of course. Shall I tell you something?"

"If it's necessary."

They danced for a while in silence. Then she said:

"You're hurting me."

He loosened his fingers instantly.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be . . . sorry," she said. "Please. Ever."

When the dance ended and they were walking back towards her table, where the others were already standing up, preparing to move, she said:

"But I'm sorry about the Koala. He really is adorable."

"Why sorry?"

"I shall have to give him away. You do understand . . .?"

Her hand was on his arm.

He said: "Of course."

He watched her go out with her friends through the swing doors, walking lightly, happily. She did not look back. He went back to his own table and waited; forcing himself to wait, to sit. His wife passed his chair behind and stooped to kiss his cheek, dropping into the chair next to him. "Aren't you enjoying yourself?" she said critically. "You're looking very miserable."

He smiled, and she said. "Ah, that's better."

END

Castles In The Air (*Continued from page 9*)

Being either a long weekender, or a short two weeker, of limited means, and having at least one foot on the ground, winter holidays, at a cursory glance, fall into two categories: the magnificently impossible, and the kind where you "Fly now and pay later."

Reluctantly, you acknowledge the division of pamphlets before you, and wishing to escape such earthly restrictions, you head deliberately for the clouds.

It is now possible to travel over the North Pole wearing something off-the-shoulder. In your plane at one hand, you have a deep, adjustable, sleep-easy chair; at the other, a powder room with unlimited cosmetics at your disposal; and to substantiate the experience, you are presented with a Polar Certificate.

Travel is now the most effortless thing in the world; it remains, however, an adventure. From a beginning of sticks, ingenuity and the Wide Unknown, flying has become the world's latest extravagance; and although champagne in a rarified atmosphere may not be everyone's idea of heaven, it is, nevertheless, worth trying. The possibilities and variations are endless.

One company specializes in orchids for the lady guests; another in tooth brushes and caviar; yet another in "taking your car with you."

It is possible to enjoy a conventional seven course dinner by *Maxims*, or a good Scandinavian "Kitchen," with *Aquavit* for a chaser. At Christmas time, there are the "Children Specials" to India and back, with jelly, tinsel and paper chains. You can travel 25,000 feet up on the fringes of outer darkness, or skirt the coastline of Portugal (tourist rate) at a mere 8,000.

Flying high or low, tourist or de-luxe, you may reach the happy conclusion that there is very little to be lost, and everything to be gained, by staying on your own doorstep.

When it comes to a tourist's mecca, everyone knows that Corsica is on the way, and that Capri is already there; but did you know that Sicily is being Riviera-ized, with a new air service to Catania? Or that Cortina, in the Dolomites, is to be the centre for this winter's Olympic Sports?

Feeling, by now, rather better informed, and having narrowed the field to half a dozen improbables, you are delighted to read that journeys can be started with a "hover" in that deceptive bread-and-butter fly, the helicopter (no one has been able to curb its voracious fuel appetite); pleased to learn that chauffeur driven cars are available at the airport, for those who can afford them; and sorry to note that airport taxis and coach fares are still extra, for those who can't.

All things considered—over the fire, with tea and toast—a compromise is perhaps the answer: an extra large turkey at Christmas, say, and Paris in the spring. Not by *Silver Wing* or the *Gourmet*. Get down to earth—what about the new coach-and-plane service? It knocks the other forms of transport, financially into a cocked hat. And failing even that, there is simply no limit to how far you can go with a few pamphlets and a little imagination.

END

Motoring—The Inspiration Is Feminine (*Continued from page 50*)

them. . . . Orient red, Tyrolite green, glacier blue and old English white which Paris calls winter white.

In the new Jaguar there is 13½ cubic feet of luggage space under lock and key which is also so sensibly fitted with an automatic light. Basically the engine differs very little from the 3½ litre XK and if it is speed you want then the new model promises 100 m.p.h.

The biggest car news of the show, I think, is the popularity of the estate cars. From the housewife's point of view I can understand this one as I, too, was converted and bought one a few weeks ago.

New estate cars are the Rootes Group's two-in-one Humber Hawk and the Ford Escort and Squire. The Humber Hawk is a fine sturdy job that will carry six passengers in saloon car comfort or, if need be, a full load of luggage and equipment up to seven feet in length.

The Ford estate cars are based mechanically on the Anglia and Prefect. Until now one of my criticisms of the inexpensive estate car has been the fixed windows. But the new "Escort" has sliding windows in the side panels and a rear opening window which is hinged at the roof-line. The rear opening has a tailgate hinged at floor line and lowers to rest against a rubber buffer on the bumper.

The new Morris Isis six-seater saloon with its twelve gallon tank is now on sale in the Traveller's Car version seating six adults and two children with space for a large amount of luggage.

Even the new Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud and Bentley "S" series saloons have "Countryman" adaptations which will convert an ordinary town car into a lush combination of town car, shooting brake and Continental tourer without altering its graceful line.

Back to family matters. Next year will bring a decided improvement in the austere family car. The new basic Standard model has been discontinued and replaced by a family saloon with a much better interior trim, and that post-war favourite the Standard Vanguard is restyled in very attractive guise. Though the size and shape of the Vauxhall 1956 cars is unchanged the new models have more comforts—greater visibility (sixty-one per cent greater area in the rear window) winding windows replacing the direct lift type, new door locks and no draught panels, better paint finish and more comfortable seats.

Another trend that women will appreciate because it means better mileage and more flexibility is the overdrive. More and more manufacturers are fitting it to medium priced family cars. For instance Ford's new overdrive unit is now offered with the Zephyr and Zodiac. It cuts in automatically when the driver's foot comes off the accelerator at any speed above 31 m.p.h. The installation is extra and costs about £60.

My, what colours at the show. I wished I had brought my sun glasses to this gayest-ever year.

Up till now yellow cars have not caught on in Britain as they have in America but the Hillman Minx De Luxe saloon for next year includes a dual colour combination of pearl grey and April yellow. Dual colour schemes are popular.

Yet further proof of the wooing of women by the motoring world is the romantic and appealing new colours—pippin red, alpine mist, crystal green, twilight grey, beach white and kingfisher blue.

END

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help clattering in the kitchen. Guy's farewell embraces and his promises to be with her again soon were an annoyance rather than a solace. Then, standing alone in the garden, she saw two figures climbing over the rocks. Richard was one of them and the other was Benny; and she had profoundly ungrateful thoughts of Guy, who had spent so much money on her star-spangled lunch and robbed her of a perfect afternoon.

Guy's innate seriousness coloured his pursuit. Jill could not help wondering how anyone of such earnest concentration had survived so many love affairs as he boasted and remained unattached. It was hard to imagine that he could have treated any of them lightly, flitting about from flower to flower; any such butterfly progression was wildly out of character. Might it be that it was the girls who flitted, escaping Guy's purposeful net? When she ventured to bring up the subject of those other girls he informed her, as men will, that the Real Thing was different.

He did not so much propose as take it for granted that an engagement was the next step. He had done his courting, and events formed logical sequences in his mind; the wayward emotions of other people hardly entered his calculations because he assumed that they matched his own. Jill would have been astonished, even horrified perhaps, if she had not felt so listless. Richard's visit was almost at an end and it had been one long blur of disappointment; the sayings and doings of Guy, however absurd, seemed to matter very little. She protested weakly that she thought herself too young to make so momentous a decision, since it was kinder and therefore easier than saying he was the last man in the world she would dream of marrying.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that." Guy dismissed the protest with bland assurance. "I believe in early marriages, and I can look after you all right. Of course, you're under age and it'll mean getting your mother's consent, but I don't suppose she'll refuse it. I might have a word with your guardian—he's more or less your guardian, isn't he?"

Startled, she realized that he was referring to Richard. She had never considered him as her guardian, but it was a little comforting to think of him in that light; to feel that he had some part in the fashioning of her future, even an advisory part.

"I'll talk to him," she said, and fled from Guy.

HER opportunity came in the evening before dinner, while her mother was changing one flowered silk dress for another and Richard was alone in the garden.

"I think I should tell you," Jill said, joining him, "that I'm sought in marriage."

She made it sound purposely prim and ponderous to rob the moment of emotion, to make him smile. There seemed to be nothing left but to make him smile. Yet he was not smiling as he looked at her, and he had no answer ready so that she tumbled into speech again.

"I expect you wonder why I'm telling you. Only—you see—I'm not very old and Mummy's rather silly, and we've always consulted you about everything. . . ." Her voice failed and quivered on the edge of tears.

Richard was not looking at her now, but at a spent match in his hand which he broke and broke again.

"It only matters," he said, "that you should be happy. He wouldn't have made my own Jill happy—not the Jill I knew—but he's changed you, and perhaps he's right for you. If you love him I suppose he *is* right for you. What do you want me to say?"

"I can't tell you," she whispered. "I know, but I can't tell you."

He touched her arm gently.

"Shall I tell *you* something, Jill?"

"Yes, please."

"There's a flying moment," he said, "that one may catch or miss. It's a terribly elusive thing. I'm much older than you, and you were so very young, and I was afraid. Afraid to steal anything of your lovely youth. And then suddenly, in a flash, you were grown-up; but the moment flew too fast and slipped

The Flying Moment

through my fingers. I'd lost my playmate, and the woman was for somebody else. Do you mind me telling you that? It makes no difference, now. I want you to marry the man you love, my little lost Jill."

SHE smiled at him with the tears running down her face.

"Not lost," she gulped. "Only—only sort of mislaid. I wanted you to see I was grown-up. And now I'm crying, so I can't be as grown-up as I thought I was. But if I were to marry the man I love—oh, how could you think it would be Guy?"

He put out his hands and framed her wet face in them. In his own face she saw infinite gentleness and a glad surprise.

"Are you still there, Jill?" he whispered. "My own little love, my child and my woman? Have you not flown away, after all?"

His hands moved and he caught her into his arms, to hold the flying moment safe for ever.

END

Dance Little Lady

(*Continued from page* 35)

of professional perfection as a recompense; and some mothers think that if their child commences training very young she will have a longer reign on the ballet stage.

In Russia the future ballerina receives a very thorough and sound general education, as well as a grounding in music and art. He or she must work extraordinarily hard, for the standard is terribly high and the number of aspirants for entry into the schools from which the judges can choose, is vast. The Moscow ballet boasts that every one of its members can take any and every rôle, that although human nature being what it is the public has its idols, they do not encourage this "star" system. They can, and do, replace any prima ballerina whenever they wish. Although they work their members hard as regards training, they do not allow them to dance nearly as frequently as do ours here.

In this country there is great impatience amongst parents—they just can't wait—to see the results of their child's training. Spurred on by the stories of infant prodigies, and the sight of child ice ballerinas of a tender age, they are anxious that their gifted darling shall in no way fall behind in the furious competition for the limelight. Let it be understood once and for all that modern science has as yet not found any short cut in the art of the ballet. There is none; and this is something which the parents of the would-be ballerina must accept before they invest their money and hopes in their child's future. The training is long, ardous, and seemingly endless; demanding every ounce of physical and mental strength which can be put into it. And it is never finished—never.

The true artist, those in the rank of Pavlova, Karsavina, Markova, Ulanova and Margot Fonteyn, would be the first to tell them this. Pavlova was always upset if her audience applauded everything. She liked it to be critical. In the present wave of ballet fever which is still sweeping this country the audience is not critical enough—they tend to applaud rapturously anything and everything. The real artist knows when he or she has danced well or badly. The applause, though naturally sweet, is not the beginning or the end of life for them.

The sooner the parents realize that at least seven long years of arduous training lies ahead of the would-be professional ballet dancer, the better for the child and them. A mother whose child of nine I saw dance recently at a display, said to me: "Serena can do everything—everything. She can do five pirouettes, her arabesques are wonderful, she can keep up longer on her points than any of the elder pupils—she can dance all the rôles—she has finished—there is nothing more they can teach her. But what can she do? She can't get a (*Continued on page* 77)

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professional engagement until she is fifteen—she must just wait."

Poor Serena ! I had seen her dance a rôle the emotional demands for which a child of nine couldn't possibly have the remotest idea, and I thought it very sad to have pushed such a clever little technician so far. For she was just that—a clever little acrobat—not a dancer. To attain perfect control of the body is a feat so difficult that few can realize what it implies. The Yogis know it, and many ballet schools now include a certain amount of Yogi study in their syllabus. But even perfect control doesn't make a dancer.

If then your child shows an absorbed interest in ballet, if he or she wants to take ballet lessons when quite young, let her begin by attending two lessons a week and see how much aptitude and staying power she displays. Watch how she reacts to constant correction—and most ballet classes are very strict—and to endless criticism.

There are classes at most ballet schools for children after normal school hours. I have watched many of these, and it is easy to single out the pupils who persist until they have corrected a fault, and it is impossible to overlook those who show those little signs of impatience and resentment at the constant correction.

Ballet training, when it becomes a full-time study makes tremendous demands on the body. You have only to attend one of the morning classes for professionals to see them dripping with sweat after a hard hour at the "barre." You can help your daughter enormously by insisting that she eats the right food. She will need lean steaks, fish, cheese, salads, rye bread and plenty of fruit.

Before you make up your mind to have your child trained for the ballet do think very carefully. There are so few chances for her when she has completed that training. Many young dancers are out of work, and drifting into television and other side lines. In pure ballet there is practically no chance in this country except in the Sadler's Wells—and their vacancies are very limited.

But if your daughter shows determination, grace and poetry in her movements, love of music and a desire to dance no matter what it costs her; if she is strong physically but has been born with that blessed "frail" look of the true ballerina, if she can accept any amount of rigid correction, any amount of ruthless criticism no matter how far above others she may be in her attainments—she has the urge of the true artist to attain her heart's desire and become a ballerina. You, her mother, can help her enormously to achieve that dream.

END

To Be Continued (*Continued from page* 20)

days of housing shortage the usual answer is to purchase a ready-made mass-produced house which one may grow to dislike intensely.

For the more discerning and thoughtful, but not necessarily more wealthy, there is a very sound alternative. That is to borrow less and to build a smaller house so planned that extensions can be made as and when necessity calls and financial circumstances permit.

Let us first examine the financial aspects of such a plan. If a house costing £3,000 is built at the outset and this necessitated borrowing money at perhaps four-and-a-half per cent to five-and-a-half per cent over a period of twenty years (the usual), interest repayments alone will amount to something like £1,600. A twenty-five year loan at the same rate will cost over £2,000 in interest.

But if this £3,000 house is built in stages and the initial expenditure is confined to £2,000, this latter sum could be borrowed for ten years at an interest cost of only £500-£600. The future extension calling for another £1,000 could be undertaken on a loan for a similar period. A total saving on the combined borrowing of about £800 over the twenty years, would result. The advantages are obvious—even if a shorter borrowing period carries a higher rate of interest.

The dressmaker does not, as one might imagine, base her frock design upon a piece of cloth but rather upon the human body she has to clothe. The body which the architect has to clothe is the piece of land upon which he has to, as it were, drape his building to create a well-mannered unity of site and house. Without the site and knowledge of its surroundings, his materials and drawing boards are of no more value than the needles and cloth to the seamstress without a client to clothe.

The consultant architect must consider closely the aspect and possibilities of the site he has to use for upon this will depend his entire layout, choice of materials and the flexibility of his design. And because, of course, individual sites are rarely alike, he will be called upon to solve the problems they set on their individual merits. For these and other reasons the diagram plans and sketches which illustrate this article are only intended to deal with development problems in outline.

Although the architect will save his client much expenditure by the wise application of his specialized knowledge, the client can also help himself in many ways during these days of high labour costs. Many people are becoming proficient in the matter of superficial finishings, among them painting and internal decorations generally.

It may be said that life is an adventure "to be continued," and surely to continue to improve and extend one's house is much more adventurous and satisfying than patiently paying over a period of years for that which may have been makeshift in the first instance. Your architect will join in and enjoy helping you with his specialized knowledge.

But as I have already attempted to show, it is most important that the end result should be visualized from the *beginning*. You will then save in initial outlay, on interest payable for borrowed money and, naturally, rates and taxes. Perhaps, best of all, you will have a home you really want to live in.

The architect's plans will remain a constant reminder of your future ambitions whilst a small scale model of the completed project which can be shown to your friends will provide the inspiration.

END

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Blue Moon Heron

(*Continued from page 12*)

and how cross Papa would get. "Can't you stop that child?" Papa would plead with Mama. "She'll be sick tonight."

"I know," Mama would say quite happily, "but she doesn't know it now."

Spoiled, hopelessly spoiled always. Jane shifted uncomfortably. "How about bringing me up to date on the Tarrants?" she asked.

"Let's see." Lucinda turned on one hip and faced her sister. "Mike's finished his first draft."

"I know that," said Jane impatiently. "But what's it about?" It galled her, having to ask Lucinda such a question.

"Oh," said Lucinda, concentrating with an effort. "It's about the river, in a way, I think. And a bird that comes up it, a rare one, searching for something it will never find. A salt water bird, mixed up, and thinking it wants a river." Lucinda rubbed her eyes, perplexed. "It's symbolic," she added hopefully. "You'll have to read it."

"A mixed-up salt-water bird that's symbolic—and I'll have to read it. Well, thanks, Mrs. Tarrant, my mouth is watering. I must say it sounds on the slight side," said Jane.

"Oh, Mike's a slight writer," said her sister equably. "You have to have a taste for him. Like tea, I suppose, Ceylon or one of those thin teas."

Will tea put the boys through school, or start you off on an annuity programme, or even buy you a decent pair of shoes? A storm of resentment blew up in her as she looked at Lucinda's imperturbable body stretched out beside her.

"Tell me," she said harshly, "are you still living on that advance on the novel? I mean, how are you fixed these days?"

"All right, I guess," said Lucinda after a moment. "We had a wonderful garden this year. And the boys fish a lot. Bass and pike, you know."

"Well, you can't go too far on pike," said Jane.

"No, of course," agreed Lucinda. "But then, with the bird season," her voice trailed off. "And Mike usually gets a deer. . . ."

And that is all I'll get on their financial situation, thought Jane grimly. Poor Mike, the sleepless nights he must put in. "Well, if you ever get stuck," she began, and was interrupted by a cry from Lucinda who sprang up like a shot and looked towards the sky.

"Oh," she cried, "the bird, it's coming back! Mike, Toddy, Than!" Mike and the boys came running to the edge of the embankment and stood like figures arrested in motion, staring up at a great bird that was sailing straight down the river.

"I can hear it breathing, Daddy," Than whispered, awestruck.

"No, son." Mike put an arm around his younger boy.

"Aunt Jane?" Toddy spoke quietly. Like his father he could contain his excitement. "You see this bird only once in a blue moon."

"The blue moon heron!" shouted Than. "It's the blue moon heron!" and he danced up and down wildly.

The huge bird spread its wings and rose higher in the sky, leaving a sound like a giant heart beat in the air as it flew out of sight down river.

"Oh, Daddy, let's follow in the canoe. Let's see if we can find where it goes. You promised next time. Daddy, Daddy!"

Mike looked down at Jane. "How about it?" he asked. "We can paddle down to the big eddy in ten minutes."

Jane had seen the heavy, paint-blistered canoe, its bottom scummed with bilge, lying low in the water. "Please, go, all of you," she said, getting up stiffly from the float. "But count me out. I'm frozen."

The silence of their disappointment was broken by Lucinda. "I know what," she said decisively, hauling on the float rope and smiling meaningfully up at the boys, "let's go up and build a fire and make cocoa."

"But Mother," cried Than, "you said the bird might not come again in a million years. A million years!" he repeated, appealing to Jane, his voice sounding parched with the wonder of it. "And by then probably we'll all be dead."

"There you go exaggerating again," said Toddy, and turned, resigned, away from the river.

"Look," said Jane, thoroughly annoyed. "I refuse to spoil their fun. Please go and let me wait at the house."

"Of course not," said Lucinda firmly. "It's almost dark anyway." She scrambled up from the river and clapped her hands playfully at the boys as if she were shooing chickens ahead of her. "Go rustle up some firewood, kids. Quick now!"

I knew it, thought Jane. I knew something would happen to put me in a bad light. I'll go down in their book for life as the aunt who wouldn't go chasing after a hideous bird at nightfall.

The boy's high voices were clanging in her ears like broken bells, and she looked up to see them chasing each other around the garden. Children by their jumping growth called attention so flagrantly to the passing years. And she saw herself at their weddings, and later buying presents for *their* children. Horrible, horrible.

"Cold, darling?" Mike caught up her hands and gently massaged them between his own warm ones. "I hope we have a drink in the house," he said over his shoulder to Lucinda.

"Some sherry, I think," she replied.

"I brought you some whiskey," said Jane.

"Angel, I adore you, I really do." He flung an arm around her.

She smiled, shutting her eyes, feeling a sudden, intense happiness. He does love good things, she assured herself, remembering the joy he took in those small dinners at her apartment when he used to come into New York once a week. Yes, Mike's visits were the highlights of her life. They didn't stop so much as they petered out: from once a week to once a month, and then every three months. Now he rarely came, and when he did, it was with (*Continued on page 80*)

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Lucinda in the old Ford for a short office visit. But always he had that look behind his eyes, that ready tenderness, so like pity. No, not pity. . . .

"Fire's going," called Toddy from the porch. "And Than's started the cocoa."

"Wonderful," cried Lucinda, "Why don't you two go in? I'll be along in a minute."

Jane went into the sitting-room, catching up the package of books and swinging them towards Toddy. "Something to read, Tod."

"Oh, thanks, Aunt Jane," he said gratefully.

Mike came in with the whiskey bottle and three small tumblers. He poured out two drinks. "Here's to happiness," he said, handing Jane a glass.

It obscurely pleased her to drink without Lucinda. "This is like old times," she said smilingly, wondering if he'd remember.

He did. "They were great fun. You have a nice place, Janie."

"I like it," she said, wishing he'd look up. "You should come to town more often, Mike," she advised. "You never go near your publisher."

"I know," he admitted, twirling the liquid in his glass. "But we stay sort of busy out here."

Busy! Chasing birds, playing croquet! "I know you don't think personal contacts matter very much, but believe me, Mike, it pays to get around. Why don't you come in for lunch next week and I'll arrange. . . ."

"Dears, you all look so cosy," cried Lucinda, coming into the room, smiling at everyone, her hands thrust deep into her pants' pockets. "Books? Oh, Toddy, how wonderful!"

It was the moment to say she had brought a present for Lucinda too. She wished now, feeling so warm and taken inside that she had skipped the sheets. "Have a drink," she said. "Mike and I just couldn't wait."

"Later." Lucinda took a cushion from the sofa and stretched out on the floor at Mike's feet. "Let's all tell stories. Let's pretend we've returned to our caves and finished the day's hunt, and now we talk about what happened in the forests and along the streams."

"All right," said Toddy, putting aside his books. "You begin, Mother."

"Wait for me, wait for me," screamed Than from the kitchen stove. "I'm boiling over."

It would never occur to her, thought Jane, that she hasn't asked a single personal question about me. . . .

She caught Mike's eye, looking at her so—lovingly, with such melting sweetness that her anger faded. He knows what I mean, she thought with a flash. He's simply making the best of a bad bargain. He's begging me to understand what he's up against. Oh, Mike. . . .

"Save me, Mike," murmured Lucinda into her folded arms. "Save me from fire and death and all destruction."

"Old Cindy," he said, and bent down to ruffle his wife's hair. "Are you all confused again?"

"Yes, yes," whispered Lucinda, and put her arms around his legs and rested her head on his rough shoes. "Isn't it nice," she said, clasping her arms tighter, "having Jane and being all together—and winter coming and spring after that."

"She doesn't need whiskey," said Mike indulgently, smiling across at Jane. "She's always half-intoxicated anyway."

So this was the way it was with them, had been for years. Jane could see the evening fires and hear the unimportant talk dribbling between them. "I've got to go," she said abruptly, putting down her unfinished drink.

"No!" they both protested loudly. Lucinda sprang up, her face flushed, her eyes sleepy.

"But I must," said Jane, rising. "I have a dinner date in New York."

"We thought you'd spend the night. You said. . . ."

"This thing came up," answered Jane, and slung her purse over her shoulder, fitting it like a weapon. Quickly, quickly, get out of the house, out of the lazy, weakening atmosphere.

They were at the car. Mike placed a huge bunch of chrysanthemums on the floor by her feet. The boys were summoned to say Thank you, Aunt Jane, for the books. And Lucinda was speaking vaguely of another weekend and please plan to stay the night.

Yes, yes, yes, she said to everything and raced the engine.

"I'll write you, Aunt Jane, if we find the heron's nest." Than leaned in through the open window, his blue eyes promising the world's greatest news.

"Please do," she said, and rolled up the window against his voice. She switched on the lights and backed out to the dirt road. "Goodbye, goodbye. It's been fun."

Fun, she thought mockingly. God, what a place, how glad she was to be out of it. They had what they deserved, Mike especially. That full look of his, so sweet it could drain the heart empty . . . how fraudulent. A trick of the eyes, she decided. When he bent over Lucinda, when he looked at herself, it was all the same; a trick look. Now or never she might as well decide that she had attributed to him qualities he didn't possess. He is a failure, a failure, she repeated furiously, and he doesn't know the difference.

Her eyes filled, the lids stinging with fierce pain. It was silly to let them upset her. She settled back against the green leather seat, willing her competence to return.

Dampness reached her right ankle, and she glanced down at the clump of chrysanthemums lying at her feet. She drew up at the side of the road, rolled down the window, and with a tremendous lunge of her arm, flung the flowers far into a culvert.

"Damn them," she said, breathing hard from the effort. "Damn them all, they and their blue moon heron."

END

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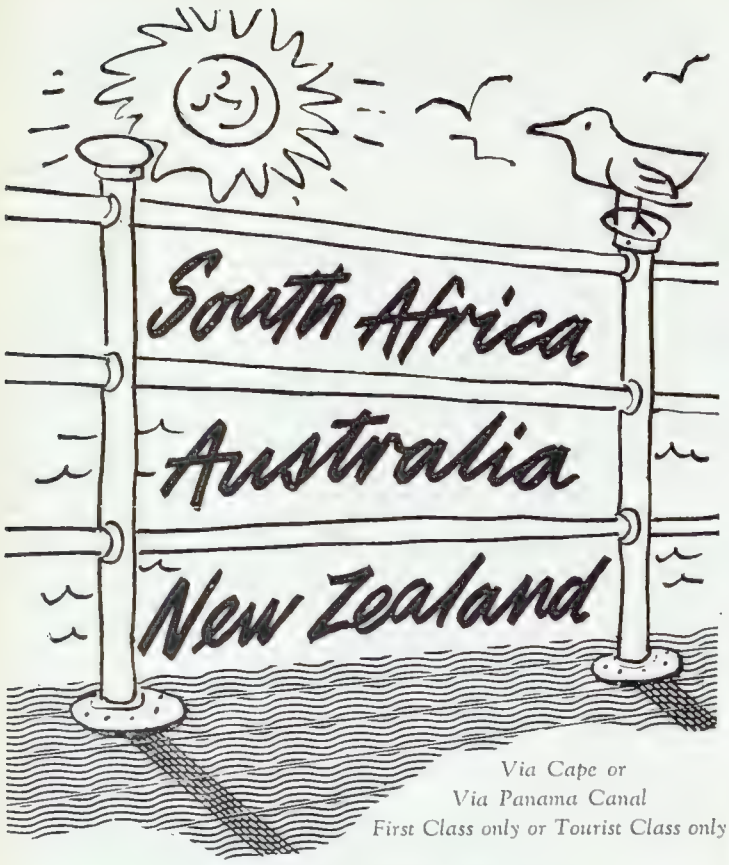

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Spice Of Drama

(*Continued from page* 16)

and this is difficult because he must remain adult as well; he will need all his adult skill and training; he must not write down—we all know that this is fatal—but *get* down to the child's horizon.

To a grown-up, a child's horizon appears little, but to a child it is big, life size, and that is why anything whimsical is so out of place; to a child the subject of a book, whether it is about a grasshopper or a pin or an angel, is serious. That does not mean it cannot be funny.

'"... That's just how I feel," said the bucket, and it gave a little hop of sheer delight, and that meant *splash*! on the floor. Then the cook-pot went on with its story, and the end was every bit as good as the beginning.

'The plates all rattled with joy, and the broom took some green parsley out of the bin and crowned the cook-pot with it.

'"Now I'm going to dance," said the tongs, and dance she did—my word what a high kick! The old chintz on the chair fairly split himself looking at it.

'"After all, they're the merest riff-raff," thought the matches...."'

That is Hans Andersen, who might be called a "natural" of the child world; though he was adult, a philosopher and a poet, he never really left childhood.

"... and at the table, with an iron in her hand stood a very stout short person. Her print gown was tucked up, and she was wearing a large apron over her striped petticoat. Her little black nose went sniffle, sniffle, snuffle, and her eyes went twinkle, twinkle; and underneath her cap—where Lucie had yellow curls—that little person had PRICKLES...!"

That is Beatrix Potter. The juvenile book market is flooded with imitations of her animals made human, but she still stands apart, as does Andersen. Why?

If books were Persian carpets, and we wished to become expert in them, we would not look at the outside, the pattern alone; we would turn each carpet over and see how it was woven, and try the quality of the stitch. Why not do that with these famous books, I thought. Look at them closely, find out how they are made?

They never, I found, have a big plot written down, but a little plot written up; their writers were within the child's horizon and knew that in it little things become big; the plot is only a breath of an idea perhaps, but written with drama. These writers are never afraid of drama, but it is the right size, a spice of drama, but like all spices, potent. The development is always crystal clear.

Children's books, I began to see, must sound well. They will be read aloud and the words must bind into a rhythmic whole as in a poem, a rhythm that matches the subject. We would-be authors for children should read our work aloud over and over again to anyone who will listen to it—and listen to it ourselves.

But with all this, I still had not found the secret. Something else seemed to be needed, something beyond the story itself, an overtone, an after taste, a flavour that lingers in the mind. It might be called a personality, not the personality of the characters, but the personality of the writer himself, his sum, his essence, one might almost say his soul. That is what I remembered of *The Scaramouches*.

Then how? How? I was beginning to ask again when a sentence of T. S. Eliot's came into my mind: "For us there is only the trying, the rest is not our business." That spirit can only come out of the story itself, and if it comes the book lives.

But that trying! "It's only a little fairy-tale that anyone could write." Huh! END

It's All Good Experience

(*Continued from page* 15)

just room for the bed and me, and sometimes people accidentally come in and fling their coats on top of me. Doesn't matter though, I'm always far too tired to complain.

"It's getting difficult now. I had to be hostess to a party of visiting priests so dressed as discreetly as I could for the part. Couldn't resist a pair of ear-rings big enough to swing on though.

"They've put me in the office—in the mornings. I explained that I had never seen a typewriter before but it didn't seem to matter. I get more pay and am allowed to find myself a room outside the Embassy. Cheers—freedom!"

After three months, Dorothy had progressed in an extraordinary fashion. Due to a series of secretaries having babies and falling ill, she was abruptly elevated to the position of social secretary to His Excellency. Letters became frenzied.

"I can't be anybody's secretary—write at once and give me instructions. I love Rome and my little room is nice, though I found a cockroach in it, but they expect miracles at the Embassy.

"You won't believe it, but I have seen enough film stars and exotic personages to last me for ever. I am expected to do the work of three secretaries in the morning, teach English to an impossible child in the afternoon, escort both the other small children to the cinema (ghastly cowboy films dubbed in Italian) and mind them while they are watching TV in the evening. By the time you get this letter, I shall be on my way home."

Arrival was in style, with three vast suitcases, hand-made shoes with stiletto heels about six inches high, Roman hair-do, ultra-chic clothes, the latest pale lipstick—and not enough money to tip the porter.

"I thought I might as well fly home," she explained as she engulfed us in a wave of expensive perfume, "with my last shilling."

Our smiles died away as she went on—"I heard about a fascinating job in Madrid. . . ."

END

Very special chocolates

For special occasions you can buy no finer chocolate assortment than Cadbury's Continental. A pound box costs half a guinea.

Cadburys

CONTINENTAL

Frosted Party Gâteau

Here's a grand welcome for your party guests—a rich, delicious gateau made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine, rum flavoured and coated with swirling chocolate icing.

GÂTEAU: 2 heaped tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons hot water, 8 oz. Stork Margarine, 10 oz. castor sugar, 4 eggs, 8 oz. self-raising flour (sieved), 2 tablespoons milk.

FILLING: 6 heaped tablespoons redcurrant jelly, 5 tablespoons rum *or* 3 tablespoons water flavoured with rum essence.

ICING: 4 oz. plain dessert chocolate, 6 oz. Stork Margarine, 1 lb. sieved icing sugar, 4 dessertspoons rum *or* milk flavoured with rum essence, 1 oz. thinly sliced Brazil nuts, party decorations, icing sugar for dusting, 8-inch silver or gold cake board.

Blend cocoa and water. Cool. Cream Stork and sugar. Beat in cocoa, then eggs, one at a time, with a little flour. Fold in remaining flour and milk. Place in two 8-inch greased sandwich tins, 1½" deep, with rounds of greaseproof paper inside. Bake 35-40 mins. on middle shelf of moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F). Cool. Cut open, sandwich together with well-whisked filling. *Icing:* Melt chocolate. Cool. Cream Stork and half icing sugar. Beat in chocolate, then remaining icing sugar and liquid. Attach cake to board with icing. Ice all over, swirling with palette knife. Sprinkle top with nuts, and all over with icing sugar. Decorate.

—Made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine!

AND KEEP IT! CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT! CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT! CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT! CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT! CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT! CUT TH

Fruit Bowl Delight

Try this luscious fruit-filled sponge sandwich made with delicious Stork Margarine and decorated with jam, coconut and rich whipped cream. Try it today!

FRUIT BOWL DELIGHT: 8 oz. Stork Margarine, 8 oz. castor sugar, apricot jam, coarse desiccated coconut, 4 eggs, 8 oz. self-raising flour (sieved), glacé cherries, angelica 'leaves'.

FILLING: 1 large tin coarsely cut fruit salad (or equivalent in mixed fruit), ½ pint juice from tin, 5 level teaspoons gelatine, extra sugar, if necessary, ½ pint whipped cream, (optional).

Cream Stork and sugar together. Beat in each egg separately with a little flour. Fold in remaining flour. Bake in two 8-inch sandwich tins with rounds of greaseproof paper inside for 35-40 mins. on middle shelf of moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360 F). Cool. Cut out entire centre of one sandwich one inch in from edge. Spread base of ring with jam and press gently on to whole sandwich. Spread outside with jam and coat with desiccated coconut. Drain fruit and pile in centre hollow. Dissolve gelatine in juice with extra sugar if required. When nearly set, pour in spoonfuls over fruit. Place on plate. When set, pipe cream over (if used) and decorate.

Left-over centre: Cut open. Sandwich with jam and cream. Spread top and sides with jam and coat with coconut. Decorate.

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Gifts to Make for Christmas *(Continued)*

MANICURE SET & PIN-CUSHIONS

(See page 43)

To Make Heartshaped Baskets.—Get a small amount of thickish cane and some thinner cane for the sides, with some very narrow seating cane for binding the round canes together, and a bundle of raffia. Soak the cane to make it pliable.

Take a long piece of thickish cane and hold at the centre with the left hand while drawing the two ends together with the right until you get the rough outline of a heart the size required. Then tie together at the centre top (see Diag. 1, stage 1 below) and again at the point of the heart. Then coil the two separate ends in the space left in each half and seize with string ties at strategic points to hold the shape. (Stage 2) Leave to set.

When the cane has dried, remove the string ties, one at a time, holding the cane in position with the left hand, and bind with the seating cane. See Diag. 2 for manner of securing the ends of the binding cane. This should be done for top and bottom shapes.

Decide the depth of the basket and the number of uprights wanted. The number required will be determined by the size of the shape and the space wanted between them. For more openwork, the number will obviously be less. Cut the requisite number from the thinner cane, making them twice the depth of the basket plus twice the length of the spaces between each upright. While the canes are pliable, bind into a "U" shape and hold in position with a strong rubber band, keeping them damp while they are being bound in position.

To bind them to the frame, hold the curve of the "U" to the frame with the left hand and wrap the raffia or seating cane round with the right. Bind these very firmly so that they retain their upright position. When they are all secured to the frame, it will probably be necessary to place the basket in a basin of water with a cloth over it for a few minutes to make it pliable again. The top frame is simply a length of the thicker cane bound round the top edge as shown in Diag. 3.

The lid is made in the same way as the base but without sides.

Simple hinges are made by braiding raffia and weaving the lid to the sides at the top of the heart with the figure-of-eight, which is begun and finished on the inside. The ends of the braid are tied in a reef knot.

Manicure Set.—Cut a length of cardboard to fit round inside of basket. Stick white felt on both sides. On inside face, cover felt with blue-spotted white plastic; cut plastic with $\frac{3}{8}$-in. turning, the turning being stuck on to the felt. Sew this completed lining to top rim of basket, taking stitches on the outside under the cane rim. Gather a long strip of blue felt $\frac{3}{8}$-in. wide and glue over inside edge of lining. Line bottom of basket in same way as sides, but omitting felt strip. Now make compartments to hold bottles and small boxes: $1\frac{1}{2}$-in. wide strips of white felt stuck over strips of cardboard $\frac{3}{8}$-in. wide and glued (ends only) diagonally across corners. Cut the felt a little longer than the cardboard. Make a small plastic bag, 2 in. by 3 in. for cotton-wool; gather top with a cord and bone ring.

Now cut cardboard to fit lid of basket. Cover one side in felt and plastic. Stitch on elastic loops to hold scissors, files, etc. Cover other side with felt, glue on to lid, and finish off with gathered strip of blue felt. This side shows through openwork of lid.

Fastening: Fix a loop of elastic on point of lid. Cut length of felt $\frac{3}{8}$ in. by 4 ins., make into a bow, stitching small piece of cane into one loop. Attach to point of basket rim.

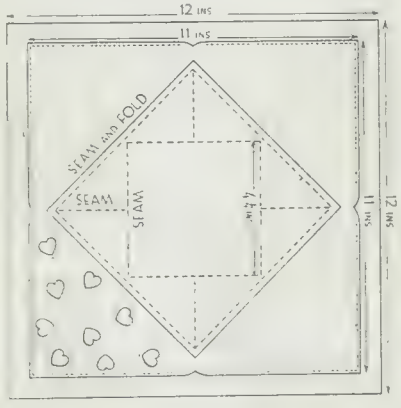
Make a white felt pochette (to hold tissues, etc.). Cut two pear-shaped pieces, stitch round $\frac{1}{8}$ in. from edge, leaving opening at top.

Pin-cushion.—Cut two heart-shaped pieces of material to size of top and bottom of basket (allowing $\frac{3}{8}$ in. extra for turnings) and a strip of the depth and circumference of basket. Stitch strip to top piece of material, making darts at point and hollow of heartshape. Stitch other side of strip to bottom piece of material, leaving opening. Stuff with horse-hair; stitch up opening. Cover six small buttons with same material and sew on to top of cushion, taking stitches right through padding. Place in basket and secure to sides.

HANDKERCHIEF SACHET

(See page 43)

Cut a square of white felt to size (11-in.) shown in diagram. Make a small, rounded nick in centre of each side of square. Mark off seam-lines; the largest square is the bottom of the sachet, the four outside triangles forming the four flap-overs. Mark out nine small heartshapes $\frac{7}{16}$ in. high, $\frac{7}{16}$ in. across on each flap, and cut out. Stitch 12-in.



square of bright pink felt on wrong side of white felt. Stitch two felts together: (1) on seams marked out; (2) round heart cut-outs $\frac{1}{16}$ in. from edge; (3) round white square $\frac{1}{8}$-in. from edge. Cut edge of pink felt $\frac{1}{8}$ in. from edge of white felt. Fold over four flaps, following lines on diagram. Stitch at each end only a strip of pink felt $\frac{3}{8}$ in. wide loosely across bottom of sachet, so that handkerchiefs can be pushed underneath. Fastening: one hook and two eyes on flaps; the eyes are sewn $\frac{5}{8}$-in. apart, so as to allow for expansion of sachet. Make a felt bow and stitch on to top flap.

SPECIAL OFFER

Plain wood lamp standards (less shade) and tobacco jars of the style shown on page 43 have been specially made, and will be available to readers of *Britannia and Eve* at following shops at prices varying from 7s. to 8s. for tobacco jar and 8s. to 9s. for lamp standard according to slight variation in design and finish:

Lawsons Timber Retailers Ltd., 32 Lady Lawsons Street, Edinburgh 3; Railton Central Woodworkers, 32 Cowcaddens Street, Glasgow, C.2; The Hobby & Handyman Shop, 7-9 Church Street, Carlisle; Birmingham Model Supplies, 101 Dale End, Birmingham 4; Cabinet Makers Supply Co., 8 Leicester Street, Coventry; Cyril Ridgeon & Sons Ltd., Tenison Road, Cambridge; R. E. Papel, 94 St. Clements, Oxford; Streatleigh Handicrafts, Streatleigh Parade, Streatham, London; T. Meridith, 12 Edward Terrace, Churchill Way, Cardiff; G. C. Liddell, 27 Quay Lane, Exeter, Messrs. Hoopers, 101 Kingston Road, Portsmouth; S. G. Wilkins, 36 Cricklade Road, Swindon.

CREPE PAPER HANDBAG

(See page 45)

Materials.—2 rolls of crêpe paper; small ball of crochet cotton; crochet hook No. 8; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lining material; thin cardboard for stiffening; 2 press studs; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of transparent plastic (optional). **Measurements:** width 12 ins.; depth of the bag, closed, $5\frac{1}{2}$ ins. **Tension:** about $4\frac{1}{2}$ d.c. and 4 rows of d.c. to 1 inch. **Abbreviations:** ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; inc., increase; st(s)., stitch(es); sl.st., slipstitch.

Preparation of Paper.—Open out 1 roll of paper and cut strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. From 20 ins. wide paper you should get 40 strips. Gently stretching strip as you roll it into ball, knot next strip to first and continue rolling. Repeat until all strips have been rolled. You can work it in the same way as raffia. Before cutting second roll of paper into strips, save a piece 12 ins. x 15 ins.

Method.—Make 50 ch. Beg. from the 3rd ch. work 1 d.c. into each st. (48 d.c.). Make 2 ch., turn. Continue in same way until 54 rows are worked. Now work round all four sides as follows. In each side of the four corners inc. 1 st. and finish the round with a sl.st.. Break off paper.

With double black cotton work 1 round d.c. inc. as before. Break off cotton. Work 2 more rounds in paper, inc. as before. Break off.

Gusset (2).—Make 14 ch. Starting from the 3rd ch. work 1 d.c. into each st. (12 sts.). Work 8 rows.

9th row: Dec. 1 st. at both ends of row. Work 3 rows.

13th row: Dec. 1 st. at both ends. Work 2 rows.

16th row: As 13th. Break off paper. Work 1 round d.c. all round gusset to give neat finish.

To Make Up.—Press bag and gussets with a fairly hot iron. Cut cardboard $\frac{1}{8}$ in. smaller than bag and gussets. Use remaining piece of crêpe paper to cover cardboard, sticking it on at the corners. This will prevent the cardboard showing between the stitches. Cover other side of cardboard with lining cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. larger all round to allow for turning under between crêpe paper and cardboard. With lining facing, put cardboard on to open bag, and sew it together with small stitches. Line gussets likewise.

Fold bag as in the photograph (page 45) and

(Continued on page 86)

DIAGRAM 1.

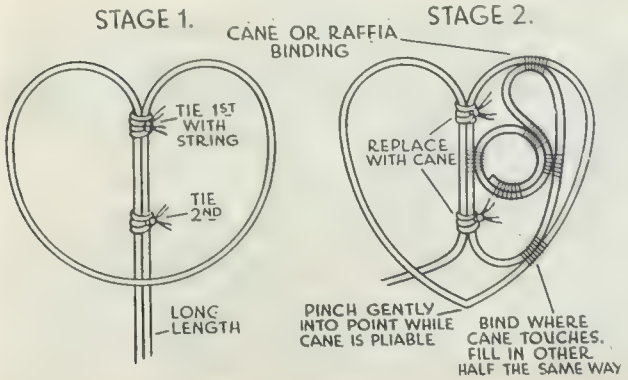

STAGE 1.
CANE OR RAFFIA BINDING
STAGE 2.
TIE 1ST WITH STRING
TIE 2ND
LONG LENGTH
REPLACE WITH CANE
PINCH GENTLY INTO POINT WHILE CANE IS PLIABLE
BIND WHERE CANE TOUCHES. FILL IN OTHER HALF THE SAME WAY

DIAGRAM 2.

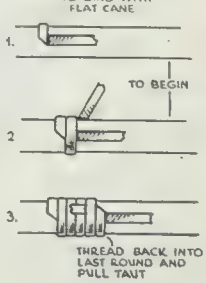
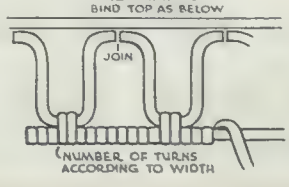


DIAGRAM 3.



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Customers are advised to order early to avoid disappointment.

★

THE TIMES
BOOKSHOP
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

CREPE PAPER HANDBAG

(*Continued from page 85*)

tack gussets into place. Now work 1 round of d.c. all round bag, joining in gussets to the bag at same time. Sew on press studs.

Plastic Cover.—Cut a piece of plastic a fraction of an inch wider and 3 ins. longer than the bag. Join in gussets and fold in 3 ins. at the top to slip over the flap. Pierce plastic where press-studs fasten.

CANEWORK MAGAZINE RACK

(*See page 46*)

Materials: 1 piece of deal 6 in. by 1 in. by 15 in. Cane lengths two by 46 in., two by 42 in., two by 26 in. Cut the base from piece of deal. Bend edges all round to an angle of 30 degrees. Draw an oval on underside with two pins and a piece of string. When this is sawn and the edges rubbed lightly with sandpaper, the bevels and oval combined give the boat-shaped curves. (Diags. 2 and 3, *right.*) Holes are drilled in straight lines about 2 in. apart each way. For ⅜-in. cane use a ¼-in. drill and squeeze the ends of the canes with a pair of pliers. Soak canes for an hour, then leave under damp cloth for two hours to become pliable. The loops are formed of three pairs of canes stuck in holes already drilled. The two longest canes form end loops, the two next longest the loops which intertwine with them, while the two short canes form the tall loops in the middle. (See diagram 1.)

Do not glue the canes in the holes until they are dry and set in position. They can then be removed separately for sandpapering and painting.

DIAGRAM 1

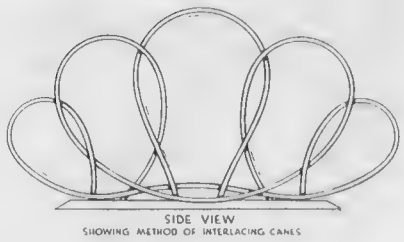


DIAGRAM 2.

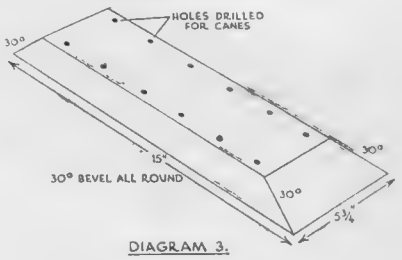
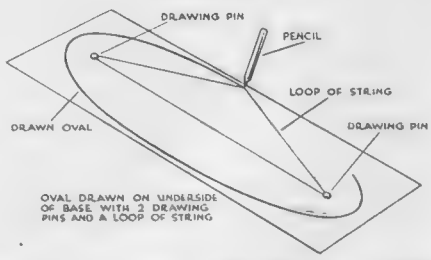
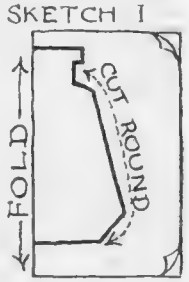


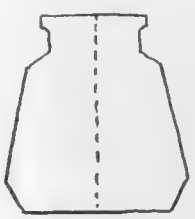
DIAGRAM 3.


DRAWING PIN
PENCIL
LOOP OF STRING
DRAWN OVAL
DRAWING PIN
OVAL DRAWN ON UNDERSIDE OF BASE WITH 2 DRAWING PINS AND A LOOP OF STRING

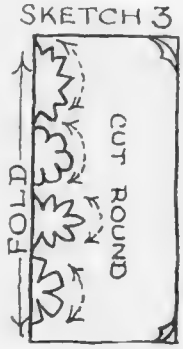
SKETCH 1



SKETCH 2



SKETCH 3



SKETCH 4

FELT FLOWER PICTURES

(*See page 46*)

Materials: Brightly coloured pieces of felt, poster paint, a sheet of stiff mounting board (black, grey, cream or fawn, according to taste).

With sharp knife and ruler, cut out oblong or square from the mounting board.

As in the arranging of real flowers, one must prepare the bowl first. Fold a piece of brown paper in half and draw on it, starting from the folded edge, the bowl shape in sketch 1 (*left*) shallow or deep as you wish. Cut round the pencil line, open out flat, making pattern as in sketch 2. Place pattern on board and mark round faintly in pencil.

Next, select pieces of felt according to the colour scheme of your choice. To obtain your flower shapes it is better to make a paper pattern once more. Fold paper as before, and draw half the shape you want your flower to be as in sketch 3, cut round and open out flat as in sketch 4.

Mark the positions of the flowers on the board in pencil. Now paint in the bowl, leaves and stems with poster colours; then stick the cut-out flowers carefully and firmly over the pencil marks. Paste is the best for this purpose. The small flower centres can easily be cut out without a pattern and stuck direct on to the felt flowers. Instead of painting in the bowl, you can use felt or other materials.

Make Them Some Sweets

(*Continued from page 52*)

soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from stove and beat till it becomes thick and creamy. Pour into greased tin to set, then cut into squares.

CARAMELS

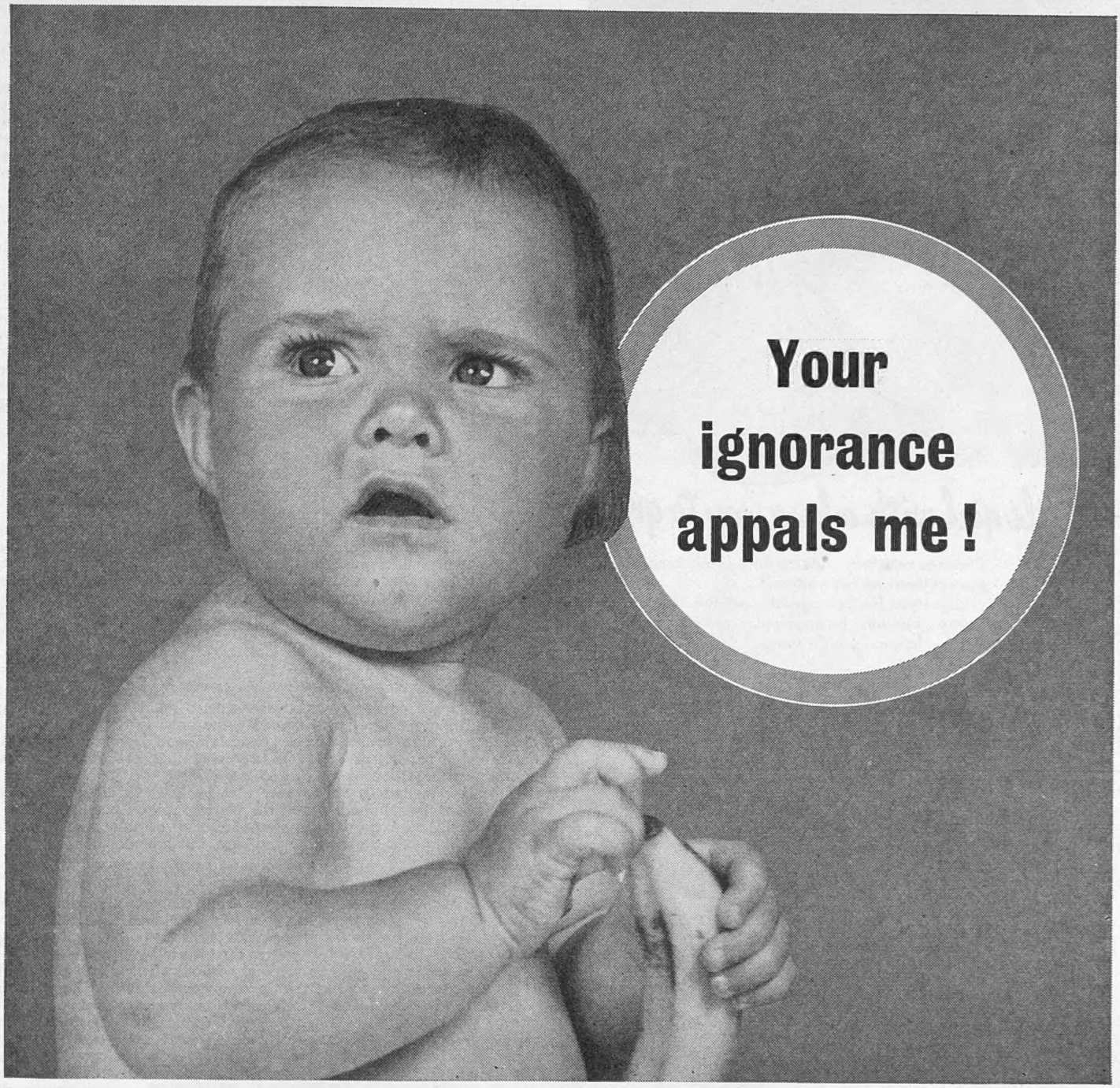
4 ozs. sugar — *¼ pint evaporated milk*
4 ozs. golden syrup — *Lemon, vanilla or peppermint essence*

Put sugar, syrup and milk in pan, and heat gently till sugar dissolves. Then boil till it forms a hard ball when dropped into cold water (if you have a thermometer the temperature should be 250 deg. F.). Stir in a few drops of desired flavouring essence. Pour into greased tin, and mark into squares or triangles when cool. When cold, break into pieces, wrapping each in a piece of waxed paper.

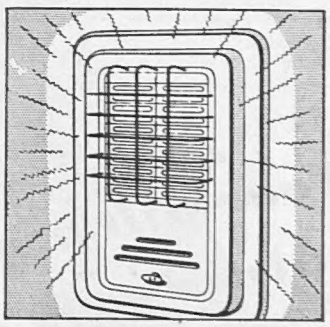
BUTTERSCOTCH

½ lb. treacle — *½ lb. sugar* — *2 ozs. butter*

Melt the butter first, then add treacle and sugar, stirring gently. Boil for ten minutes, or until a piece dropped into cold water will turn crisp immediately. Pour into buttered tin, mark into squares when cool. When cold break into appropriate pieces, wrapping each in waxed paper. (*Continued on page 88*)



Surely you know that when you want quick heat there's nothing so comforting as a gas heater! The flexible flame can be adjusted to keep the temperature just right for just as long as you want it. In bedrooms, dining rooms and halls it is a boon.
Mr. Therm offers you a choice from dozens of styles; they range from small portable heaters to convector fires that warm the air as well as providing radiant heat. You'll find one to fill your need exactly at your gas showrooms on Mr. Therm's easy terms.



GAS—to be sure

(and for swift fire-lighting, *when it comes to solid fuel, use a gas poker!)*

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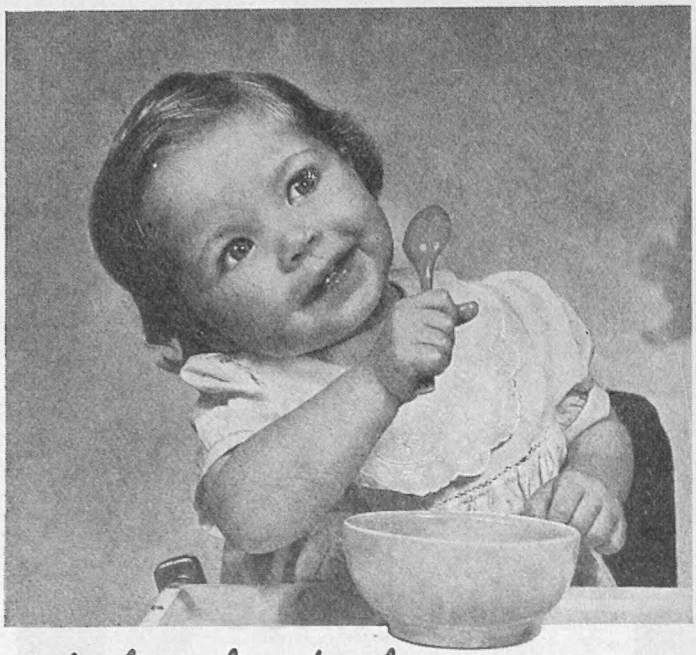

A little girl with a long way to grow

Even the healthiest children need Haliborange to protect them against winter ills.

Give them Haliborange and keep them healthy and happy—but don't be surprised if they smack their lips and ask for more.

Haliborange is pure Halibut Liver Oil and Orange Juice. It is rich in Vitamins A, C and D.

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PENOCHE

3 cupfuls light brown sugar
Two-thirds cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla essence
2 tablespoons butter
1 cupful chopped walnuts, almonds, or peanuts

Put the sugar, milk and butter into saucepan. Bring slowly to the boil, stirring, then allow to boil for five minutes. Add the nuts, and continue to boil for another three minutes, when a little dropped into cold water should form a soft ball. Add the vanilla essence. Remove pan from stove, cool slightly, then beat hard until it thickens. Pour at once into a buttered tin and cut into squares or shapes when almost cold.

TURKISH DELIGHT

½ oz. gelatine
½ lb. sugar
2 tablespoons cold water
Icing sugar
2 tablespoons boiling water
Rind and juice of 1 orange
Cochineal and green vegetable colouring

Soak gelatine in cold water. Bring sugar and boiling water to the boil, then add the gelatine mixture, and simmer only for twenty minutes. Now add orange juice, and, if liked, grated rind. Pour into two bowls. Tint half with cochineal and half with green colouring. Rinse two shallow tins with cold water, pour the mixture into them and leave to set. Cut into small cubes when set and roll each in icing sugar till thickly covered.

APRICOT JELLIES

1 lb. dried apricots
2¼ lb. granulated sugar
Icing sugar
Desiccated coconut or ground almonds

Soak the apricots in cold water for one full day, then put them through a mincing machine, using the fine cutter. The weight should now be two pounds; add cold water if it is less. Put the apricots and sugar together in a saucepan and cook very slowly for one hour, stirring often (this mixture sticks easily). Pour into well-rinsed tins and leave to set. Then cut into squares or shapes with a knife dipped in icing sugar. Roll each piece in a mixture of nuts and icing sugar.

RAISIN OR NUT CLUSTERS

¼ lb. plain chocolate
Raisins, or nuts, or both

This is a simple but pleasant sweetmeat. Melt the chocolate by breaking it into a bowl, and standing the bowl in hot water. Drop the raisins or nuts into the melted chocolate, and drop in teaspoonfuls on to waxed paper to set. If you are using nuts, grated orange peel is a pleasant addition to the chocolate.

Chocolate melted as above may also be used to dip crystallized ginger or toasted almonds (as in the photograph on page 52).

And finally as a special Christmas luxury you may like to make *Marrons Glacé*. They take time and care, but how delicious!

1 lb. chestnuts
1 lb. lump sugar
1 teaspoonful vanilla essence
1 cup water

First blanch the chestnuts by covering them with boiling water and boiling for fifteen minutes, when skin and shell should be easily removed. Cover the peeled chestnuts with fresh boiling water and a little sugar. Cook gently till tender, then drain well.

Boil the sugar and water together, without stirring, till the syrup takes a slight amber colour, then add essence. Put the chestnuts in at once, and leave for five minutes. Remove carefully, put on a warmed sieve in a warm place. Next day reheat the syrup and repeat the dipping and drying process. Repeat again the third day. Place the chestnuts into paper cases, or, if you wish you may put the chestnuts into jars and cover with boiling syrup. If you elect to cover with syrup, seal and store the jars. They keep very well.

END

Your Warmest Friend

(Continued from page 13)

leopard or flank musquash. A coat cut on straight lines will look far less bulky on the fuller figure than, say, a swagger style.

The choice of fur should be governed by whether it is required for occasional or everyday wear. Some furs are definitely much harder wearing than others. On the other hand these tend to be heavier in weight. For example, musquash is hard wearing compared with Canadian Squirrel, but the squirrel is much the lighter fur. The cost of the coat does not necessarily indicate the wearing qualities of the fur. For example dyed musquash is a much cheaper fur than dyed ermine but it will wear longer. Generally speaking, however, the more expensive furs such as mink, kolinsky, beaver, etc., have a longer life than some cheaper furs like squirrel, moleskin or beaver lamb.

A few simple attentions will add to the life of your fur. *Do please:* Avoid that seated look by turning your coat up at the back when sitting down; brush the coat every time you take it off; shake it well when it gets wet; hang it up carefully; loosen your coat when seated, and keep it fastened while standing or walking, especially in a crowd. A fur coat can be numbered amongst your warmest friends, and treated kindly will prove a worth-while investment, and a practical addition to your wardrobe.

END

1.11.55

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